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Mary Hulburt at Sixteen.
from a Daguerreotype

MEMORIES

OF

MARY HULBURT MATTESON

WITH LINEAGES

OF

MARY HULBURT

AND

HORACE MATTESON

M. I. M. Wilbur

Printed for private distribution by Mary Matteson Wilbur

Shanghai, China, 1938

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"And Jehovah spake unto Moses that selfsame day, saying, Get thee up unto this mountain of Abarim, unto Mount Nebo . . . . and behold the land of Canaan which I give to the children of Israel for a possession, and die in the mount whither thou goest up, and be gathered to thy people, as Aaron thy brother died in Mount Hor, and was gathered unto his people".

Deut. 32, 49-50

"So Moses the servant of Jehovah died there in the land of Moab, according to the word of Jehovah. And He buried him in the valley of the land of Moab, over against Beth-peor: but no man knoweth of his sepulchre unto this day".

Deut. 34, 5-6

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FOREWORD.

The memories my Mother wrote of her early life are too precious to be confined within the original notebook in her own handwriting. So, in order that her other children and their children and grand-children may share them I am having them printed.

They were written with a particular audience in mind: our three little children, living at the time in Japan, in order that they might know what the life of their grand-mother as a pioneer child, was. We realized what the children missed by separation and persistently urged her to write her memories, but it was not until Mr. Wilbur, on a trip to the United States in 1912, put a notebook in her hand and gained her promise, that she began upon them. Her sweet, strong spirit breathes through the written pages. It cannot fail to reach out to the affection of her descendants. Some of you knew her only in her old age, when energies were depleted, when she was rather subdued and patiently lonely for her own generation of relatives and friends: while some of you knew her not at all.

Doubtless she was in constant consultation with her sister Julia, over those early episodes. Aunt Julia lived with her for seventeen years after their mother died. Before that time, seldom a week passed without a visit from Aunt Julia to spend the day. The old homestead was only a mile distant from our home in Seville. Aunt Julia lived to be eighty-four. After more than eighty years of loving intimacy between the two sisters, the tie was so close that after Aunt Julia died, Mother told me she could not miss any of her children as she would miss Julia. She always gave odd deference to this older sister. To Aunt Julia we all hold deep love and gratitude, for loving counsel, unobtrusively given, for generous help, and—not least of all—much of the history of our forefathers. I have a feeling that Aunt Julia's contribution to these Memories may have been considerable.

After reading the Memories, one wishes more had been told of the subsequent life into which her promising youth developed. It is like a continued story, the end of which is missing. To meet

that most natural desire, the following Chapters are added. Mother's young married life is known to her younger children only through references and family knowledge, and how much of it was unknown, came to me forcefully when I read the contributions to the family history of that period, sent by our older sister, Ida, Mrs. Lorin S. Saner. She is now several years older than our mother was, when she began to write this long letter to her grandchildren. Ida does not refer to Mother in them all, but they are family history, and in themselves are delightful, revealing phases of life hitherto unsuspected.

The Chapters on Mother's parentage and on our Father, and the more mature years of her life, I have added from sources mentioned in them, and from my own recollections. Very likely some mistakes in transmission are included; but they are substantially correct.

It stirs the imagination to think how many other mothers are involved in this family history,—those Abigails and Eleanors and Catherines and Rachels, who loved their children,—our grandparents, and who had loved and reverenced their parents and grandparents before them, as we love and reverence our own. A sacred institution: the family. As in the old Greek races: they carried the lighted torch, we took the torch, and you take the torch, to pass on to your worthy successors. May its flame be pure and strong, and ever rise Heavenward.

MARY MATTESON WILBUR.

EARLY MEMORIES

OF

MARY HULBURT

Some recollections of my childhood and early life, I have written, at the request of my children, that their children might know how differently we lived fifty or a hundred years before their time.

Hoping you may have as much pleasure reading it, as I have had writing it,

I am Very Truly Yours,

Mrs. MARY MATTESON.

Seville, Ohio.

September 25, 1912

Hollis was here, and left a blank book for me to write recollections of my early life. Mary had requested me several times to do this, that the children and grandchildren might know something of how their predecessors lived. In her letters to me, Mary again inquires if I haye any remembrances, jotted down yet, that would be of interest or curiosity to my grandchildren.

The months have glided by, till nearly a year has passed and not a beginning yet, but I promise I will try; but don't expect too much, for I am slow.

This is my birthday, the seventy-ninth anniversary, as I was born Sept. 25, 1833 in Westfield (tp) Medina County, Ohio.

Now it should not be expected of a woman seventy-nine years old, that she would, after so many intervening years, call to mind many things that would be of interest to posterity. Things that were laid away on the shelves of memory, are packed so tight, that it is hard to find them when one is old ; but I will try to resurrect some of them. You must not expect all of them to be amusing or funny, for I guess not many such came our way.

Halsey Hulburt, my father, was born Jan. 27, 1806, in Enfield, Hartford County, Connecticutt. He was the son of Obadiah Hulburt, whose father, grandfather, and great-grandfather, were all named Obadiah. Their remains lie in the Enfield Cemetery. Fifty-eight years ago, the first time Julia and I were there, their gravestones were so mossy and dark, one could scarcely read them. Whether any of their predecessors were Obadiahs we do not know.

Father's mother was Rachel Burr. They had three sons, Halsey, Daniel and William. Their mother died when Halsey was seven years old ; the father died when he was eight, and the children were scattered. Daniel went to his grandmother Burr's in Norfolk, William to one of his father's sisters in New York State, and Halsey lived for some time with two of his father's sisters, Tryphena and Eleanor, who lived on the old farm.

Mother was Betsey Moses of Norfolk, Litchfield Co., Connecticutt. Her father was Thomas Moses, and her mother Abigail

Brown. They had ten children, five sons and five daughters. The sons were Salmon, Thomas, Ralph, Benjamin and Hiram; the daughters, Julia, Betsey, Eunice, Abigail and Ruth.

Father and Calvin Chapin, who was a neighbor in Enfield, came to Ohio in the spring of 1830 and bought a piece of land in company. They cut down the trees and cleared off seventeen acres that summer and sowed it to wheat in the fall. Father went back to Connecticutt and taught school through the winter. In March, father and mother were married, and after a few weeks visiting relatives, came to Ohio. The journey was accomplished in two weeks, part of the way by stage, part by the Erie Canal, from Buffalo to Cleveland on Lake Erie, and from there, by stage to Seville, where they put up for the night at the tavern, kept by Dr. Eastman in a log house, west of Chippewa Creek.

Henry Hosmer was the first white man who came to the township of Guilford to make a home. He left his home in Massachusetts, May 22, 1816, in company with a young man of his acquaintance, on foot. After reaching Cleveland, they separated, and Mr. Hosmer started through the woods alone, and arrived on July 13 at the spot of ground now occupied by Seville. He stood on the north bank of Hubbard Creek, near where the bridge now is, gazing up and down the stream, listening to the songs of the wild birds, He says "I thought I had indeed found the paradise for which I had longed, and of which I had dreamed." Then and there he selected the site upon which he afterward built his house, where he lived to the end of his long life of more than ninety years. In all his long tramp of nearly fifteen-hundred miles, he said, to him no place seemed so fair as this.

There were plenty of wolves in the country, which often attacked people who were going through the woods. One night Mr. Hosmer and his companion were going through a dense forest, and they heard strange noises which they thought the cry of an owl. About midnight they came to a house, where they obtained lodging. Here they learned that the strange noises were the howls of wolves; that shortly before, a man on horseback was attacked by them, and kept them off with an umbrella, the only weapon he had; but he escaped. His trousers were nearly torn off, and his

legs were badly scratched. One morning about sunrise they saw an object coming toward them but they could not tell what it was because of the high vegetation; but they soon saw a large bear rise up on his hind legs, and folded in his front paws was a hog he had killed. They shouted and the bear ran. The hog weighed more than a hundred pounds.

There was an Indian village of about a dozen huts, where Seville now is, and Mr. Hosmer bought one of them for two canisters of powder. The Indians were always friendly to them, and kind. Some of them lived there for awhile, and where they all went is hard to tell. Although the country was comparatively new upon the arrival of my father (1830) I have heard him say that the first settlers had most all gone. After clearing a few acres of land, and building a log house, perhaps they could not save enough money to pay for the land. Money was not plentiful in those days, and the spirit of adventure may have inclined them to go on, to see if they could better their fortunes.

But our parents were content to stay and improve their surroundings, sharing together the experiences of pioneer life. From what I have heard them say, I believe they enjoyed it, and were as happy in their work as are people now, who begin home-making with everything ready made.

There was a log house and a little clearing on father's part of the land, and on the morning after their arrival at the end of their stage route, they were taken to their new home, and when in sight of it, both father and mother felt that it was Home. The wheat that was sown among the stumps of the trees the previous autumn, was growing luxuriantly, also the grass around the house, and all gave promise of plenty,—which promise, I think, never failed, though they must have missed the conveniences of the old home.

The house had but one room and an attic, reached by climbing a ladder. The furniture consisted of a few chairs which father bought in Wooster. The rocking chair is still in use in the old home. The bedstead was a home-made affair, and the table also. Mother had good bedding and feather beds, and good clothes, all made in the pleasant old home in Norfolk,—the dear New England home.

There was a big fireplace in one end of the house, with a crane hung in one side, which could be swung out. On it were hooks of different lengths, on which to hang kettles of different sizes, from one large enough to boil clothes, to the smaller one for boiling dinner. They had spiders with legs three or four inches long, in which they fried the meat over the coals. There was the reflector, a tin baker, in which to bake pies, cakes, buscuits, and perhaps bread. I do not know whether they had an outside oven. Some people did. The reflector was placed in front of the fire, which heated the contents on top and bottom, and did good work; so I suppose they did very well, though they could not have all the conveniences of the old home, which mother left for the home in the far west with Halsey Hulburt, her chosen companion. She never was home-sick nor regretted the change, but was contented in the Western home. The next autumn, her father and sister Julia came to see them, driving all the way,—a two weeks' journey, with a horse and buggy. Now one can go from California to London in that time, and have time to spare. Grandpa Moses was well pleased with the new home, and with the Western country. Mother must have been very lonely after their departure, but there were new neighbors often coming with their families; the people of the village were kind and neighborly, and more interested in each other's welfare, perhaps, than now. There was a great deal of travel over the turnpike, the state road from Cleveland to Columbus; all travellers from the Lakes southward took this road. Every day a heavily loaded coach passed each way, and many times one or two extras, besides numerous travelling carriages. Goods going south were carried in large wagons, drawn by four or six horses.

But the coming in of the stage caused more excitement then, than the coming of the railroad train does now, and no railroad President is half so proud, or looked upon with half the admiration which was then bestowed upon the stage driver as he thundered into town, blowing his bugle horn and flourishing his whip over his prancing steeds which he handled with so much skill. Many a boy could think of but two things really to be desired in the future, and they were: to be a militia captain on general training day, and a stage driver the rest of the year. I very well remember going

with father to general training, hearing the music of the drum and fife, seeing the men march to the music. Col. Dowd was marshal of the day, and looked very grand on his prancing steed, dressed in his blue military suit, with a red silk sash, cocked hat and white plume. He had a grand voice; every man in the company gave attention, and every order was obeyed. It was a grand affair. There was ginger bread for the hungry,—and perhaps pie. I remember that Mr. Chapin had old Mrs. Powers at his house making pies for training day.

After our folks had been here for a year or two, Uncle William came and bought a farm west of father's. He lived with them till he had cleared some of the land, and built a barn and house.

My recollections of life in the log house are very few and hazy. There was a cat-hole in the door for the convenience of pussy, and one morning a big toad came in. Our folks did not want his company in the house,—perhaps were afraid he would be stepped on, so father took him by the leg, and put him out to catch flies and bugs outside. He was a friendly toad, and every morning came to make a call; so one morning father carried him as far as the spring, and he did not find the way back. Now, I am not certain whether I remember this myself, or from Julia or mother telling it; but it is a true story. Snakes sometimes came in, too, but they did not fare so well as Toady; for very few people like snakes for company, though some snakes are harmless. Father used to say, "O, let the little snakes live; they catch mice and are useful."

When I was between two and three years old, our folks were building the new house; there were no planing mills, the siding and all inside work had to be planed by hand, the doors and window sash and blinds also. The carpenters did it all on their work bench, after the frame was up and the roof on. The timbers for the frame were hewed in the woods. It must have taken a year to build the house and complete it after the frame was up. We moved into it in November after I was three years old. I suppose there was snow on the ground. I remember very well sitting on my little chair on the sled with a lot of other things,

going to the new home, which was only a few rods away, and the sled was drawn by the oxen. The new house was quite large, with several rooms. When we wished to go into another room we would say, "Let's go out doors." One day I opened the wrong door and went down cellar, got some bumps before reaching the bottom stair. After some time I went that way again,—not a pleasant way. My sister Julia was a year and a half older than I, and we had a brother Hiram, two years younger. Of course he was a little fellow, only a year old ; but he could run, and we had fine times playing with the blocks made by the carpenters, who had their bench in the house. We built houses with them, and had some for boys and girls, which we named for people we had seen.

At that time we had never seen a doll baby. Sometimes mother made one for us by pinning up a blanket, and sometime after this, mother and Lovicy, the hired girl, made some rag dolls for us, with black cambric dresses. Hiram's was smaller than Julia's and mine. We were very proud of them, and kept them nice for a long time. I suppose we had as much pleasure with them as children now do with their beautiful china dolls dressed in silk. Persis Chapin, our nearest neighbor girl, had a wax doll dressed in blue silk, later on, and it was real pretty, but too nice to play with, and always stood on the end of the parlor mantel.

Mother was always busy with housework, making cheese and butter ; cooking, baking, not only for her own family, but the workmen had to be fed, and there were no boarding houses anywhere near ; and men must eat or they cannot work. I don't remember as we were much bother to mother, for we amused ourselves mostly.

When I was four and Julia six, we went to school in the old Methodist *meeting-house*, as it was called. I guess we had no school district then, and no school house. It was a mile east of our house. The teacher was Miss Turner, the first half of the term, and Miss Martha Horton finished up. Father went with us the first day to let the teacher know who we were, then he went to the store and got a new spelling book for us. The first thing we read in the new book was, "Ann can spin flax." We could read and spell some. Pa and ma had taught us. The teacher was quite pleased and said

some pretty things to us for doing so well. They did not have pretty little primers, and readers then, as they did a few years later, but the little stories and sentences, after the spelling lessons, were all right, and some of the little ones learned as well as children do now with all the new fangled charts and methods. It must have been rather tiresome sitting on the high seats from nine till twelve and from one to four, with just a short recess in the forenoon and afternoon. At noon we had our dinner, and played, after we were acquainted; for we did not know any of the children at first. After school was out we were at home a long time, working on the farm, I suppose, and amusing ourselves with anything that was handy.

The next summer there was a school in an old log house one mile and a half southwest of our house, not far from Abel Bostwick's house, now. Father went with us the first day to find the place. The teacher was Miss Phebe Gleason. One side of the road was woodland most of the way; it was a long, lonely walk for such little children. There were no tramps to fear then, but the cows and pigs ran in the road and we were afraid of them; but we minded our own business, and they did not molest us. When we got to the schoolhouse it was well filled with children; but not one of them had we ever seen before. The teacher took off our bonnets, and seated us on a little bench about as wide as a new lead-pencil is long, with no back to it, and we had nothing to do but sit still. Julia says we were required to fold our hands. We stood up to read once before recess, and once after, and could run and play a few minutes, and again at noon. At one o'clock, school called, and we went through the same program till four o'clock, then began our long walk home. I don't know whether we were tired,—guess we did not know what tired was; may be the long walk offset the long "keep-still." Anyway it was a change, and change is rest. I don't know, but we enjoyed it all through the summer.

When winter came, Mr. Alexander Whiteside was the teacher. Father went with us, taking little brother Hiram with him; he was four in November and I was six in September. Mr. Whiteside was a nice man; he led little Hiram. I think he boarded at our house the first week, and I think we went only one week,—too snowy

and cold, I guess. I can't imagine how our folks dared to send us that long distance in winter, or any other time. It seems to me, now, like two miles. The next summer there was school in Mr. Horton's old log house. It was a double house, and they lived in the other half. They were building a new house that summer, which one would suppose was enough to look after, without having a lot of children around. Then, it could not help but take the attention of the children from their studies. We had to go across the fields south of our house, then through a long stretch of woods, then another long walk across Mr. Horton's fields to reach the school. Miss Martha Pollock was the teacher. There were apple trees around the house; the children had orders from Mr. Horton not to pick any apples. He had a big boy living with him, named Anson, and somebody saw Anson pick some apples to eat. When Mr. Horton heard of it he cut a long switch, and brought Anson into the school room, and helped him to dance a jig, in the presence of the scholars,—a warning, I suppose, of how they would look and act, if they dared take any of the forbidden fruit. One day a lot of gypsies in wagons went by at noon when the children were out, and they wanted apples too. One of the women said to the girls, pointing at the apples, "Sissy, apie fall, apie fall", but Sissy did not dare to oblige her, and the gypsies did not dare help themselves, when there were so many around.

There were other children who went through the woods with us: Nancy and Caroline Dye and their brothers Riley and Nathan. It was a very pleasant walk when we became accustomed to it. Sometimes we found pretty wild flowers. The other children knew about roots that were good to eat: ginseng, kirkham and some others anything but good, such as wild turnip. No one wanted that but once, for it would almost bite your tongue out, it was the sharpest kind of pepper and fire mixed. It was a very bad child who would offer it to another, as good to eat.

Not all the children were good and obedient. There were berries growing around the stumps in the field near the house, which Mr. Horton had forbidden the children to pick; but they liked berries. One day the Dye children stopped to pick some. Mr. Horton saw them, hallowed to them to go on and let the

berries alone, but they paid no attention, just grabbed all they could and ran as fast as they could run.

Hiram was a little fellow only four years old, and when it was cool weather mother pinned a little blanket on him. One night when it was time to go home, the pin was gone and we did not know what to do. Ma had told us not to go in Mrs. Horton's house and bother her, but one of the girls told her Hiram had lost his pin, so she came out and pinned the blanket on him, then told him he must be sure to bring back the pin in the morning. When we told ma, she looked sort of funny, and in the morning she pinned it on the wrist of Hiram's sleeve, and told him to go and give it to Mrs. Horton. When he got there he held up his hand and she took the pin. I don't know whether her pins were scarce, or if she wished to see if he would remember it. Rather funny, that a body can remember such simple things more than seventy years.

There was another little brother at home, two and a half years old, whose name was Obadiah, named for grandpa Hulburt. One day when we came home from school, May 28, there was a new little sister, named Rachel Burr, for grandma Hulburt. Uncle William Hulburt lived near us, and three days after Rachel came, a little cousin came at Uncle William's, May 31, and she was called Sarah. I think that summer passed pleasantly, and we learned many things outside of books.

There was no more school till winter, and we amused ourselves at home, out of doors mostly, when the weather was good. We helped mother, some, too. I remember seeing Julia wiping dishes when she was six years old, standing on a chair. Ma said she was six years old. I think it was her birthday, April 8. About that time, when I was five, she began to teach us to sew. She cut and basted calicoes and we sewed them, over-and-over. After awhile, she taught us to knit. It was slow business at first, and we got very tired of it. Mother gave us a stint ; five times around in a day, and when we had learned to knit faster, ten times,—not all at one time, but part before noon and part after. We always knit our own stockings after that, so we learned to sew and knit, and work, and had a variety of occupations, with plenty of time to play. When we grew up we knew how to do these things, and could help mother with her work.

There was an old log house on the road that ran south, a little west of our house. It needed a new roof, and Mr. Horton said they might take the roof from the old summer school house; he was going to tear it down, anyway. The old house was on Mr. St. John's land. Some of the men who were interested in having a schoolhouse came together and made it comfortable. There was a large fireplace which took most of the north end. Desks were put on the west, south and east walls, with benches in front of them, on which the larger pupils sat. When they wished to write or study geography, they could turn around, put their feet under the desk and face the wall. The seats for the smaller children were in front of those; they were about six inches wide, and had a board of three inches width to lean their shoulders against. We sat close together, for there were lots of children those days. A great log four or five feet long was laid at the back of the fireplace, then smaller logs, dry sticks and kindling placed on the two stones in front of the back log. Someone must have gone to Mr. St. John's or Mr. Stiles' for fire, as there were no matches in those days. Wood was plenty, the parents brought it, and we had good fires, which kept those near it, too warm.

There was a small window on two sides of the house, each two-by-three feet in size. When reading or spelling we stood in front of the seats we occupied. Our neighbor, Mr. Chapin, was the teacher that winter. The house was full of lots of grown-up boys and girls, and some of the boys could not read without spelling out the words. I suppose they did not have a chance to go to school when small, and their parents neglected to teach them, or did not know how to; so I guess some of them never learned to read fluently. I have noticed that the younger a child begins to learn, the easier it is for him. Some of the big boys wanted to learn to cipher,—as they called learning arithmetic. Some of them had the English reader, the book their father had learned to read in,—a good book to read but too hard uutil they had learned the common, easy words. Mr. Chapin was a good teacher, and knew that an attractive little book would be more pleasing to young children than the lessons in the spelling book. He got for our class, McGuffey's second reader, a pretty book with pictures and good stories. To us they were delightful and we never tired of reading

them, till we knew some of them by heart. We studied our spelling from the spelling book. The class stood up to spell; the teacher pronounced the word, and if they were not spelled correctly, the one below us would try, and if he spelled it right, go above the one who missed it. The one who stood at the head at night had a credit marked for him in the school record, and the one who had most credits at the close of the term had a small prize.

There was a fine piece of woodland across the road from the school house, and when the weather would permit we went there to play; but when cold, stormy weather came, we had to eat our dinner in the house the best we could. Sometimes we played out in the snow, making snow houses, or snowballing each other, which was cold work for fingers and toes. We usually had three months of school in summer and three in winter, and always a man for winter teacher, when I went to school, who was paid ten or twelve dollars a month, and boarded around, about a week in a family. If there were enough school money, we sometimes had four months. The large scholars did not go in summer, for they had to work. After school was out in the spring, and the weather was fine we could run and gather wildflowers. There were the little spring-beauties, the adder-tongues, the bloodroot, the violets, the triliums and the Dutchman's breeches,—the cutest of all,—and later, the cowslips and wild pinks,—and some without names.

It was not often that we saw any other children; but a family of Smiths came to live in our old house. There were Margette, Henry and Helen. I remember mother dreaded to see them come, they were so meddlesome. Someone usually lived in that old house until it was torn down. The first was a family of Chapins. Asher was the chief of the tribe, with ten children, several of them grown up. Where they stowed themselves away to sleep I do not know. One of the girls sometimes helped mother. Elsie and Tacy were about our ages. They soon moved on, and we saw them no more, nor heard of them. The Wrights were there a short time, then the Gleasons, Henry and Ransom, Mary and some more. When they came into our house they were into everything, pulling drawers out, and when ma told them to let things alone they paid no attention. When pa came in, he told them to go home, he would not have them there.

There was another old house on the farm, on the cross-road north; the Dyes lived there awhile, and they were about like the Gleasons, into everything.

These people helped to fill up the school. The first summer teacher in the log schoolhouse was Miss Vaughn. Her brother was a Freewill Baptist minister, and they lived in a house with Ransom Miner's folks, where there were eight children,—another case of close packing. It was a two room house with attic, and stood where North Creston now is, in Westfield. Miss Vaughn was a nice girl and the Miner girls called her sister Betsey. One thing I remember Esther Miner, she was always envious ; if a girl wore a new dress to school she called her proud. One day a girl about her age came to school with one of the school girls, to visit the school, and had on good clothes. Esther made such unkind remarks about her in her hearing that the girl cried. I think all the other girls would have been happier if she had not been there. Her sister Lovicy was a nice girl. Miss Vaughn was a good teacher and it was good to be in school again. The woods across the way were the pleasantest playground in all the world, that any child could wish for. We played Pom pom pullaway, and tag, ring around the rosy, crack the whip and other games, the names of which I have forgotten ; but the prettiest of all was making moss houses at the roots of trees, divided up into rooms, with furniture, little seats and beds,—all of moss. We pulled down the limbs of trees and swung on them ; and there we ate our dinners. The noons and playtimes were all too short. But when we heard the tapping of the teacher's ruler on the window sash, we had to scamper. Sometimes after our games, we were pretty much out of breath when we reached the house, and hot,—our faces red as beets, and it was good to sit down and rest, take our books, and put our minds on the lessons.

Thus the pleasant summer passed all too quickly, and again we took up our home tasks and amusements. I was eight that fall. Mr. Chapin was teacher again next winter. School went on with about the same pupils. Julia and I were promoted to the first class in spelling, where all the big ones stood in front of their benches, some as tall as the teacher. Not many were good spellers ; either they did not study their books, or they could not remember. It seems to me they would have been ashamed to have such little girls go above them ; but they did not seem to care.

Sometime in December, I suppose it was, I was taken sick. When the Doctor came, I was sitting by the fire. He looked me over, and said I had the scarlet fever, and almost the first thing he did was to bleed me, as he called it. He told me to take hold of the broom handle, then with his lancet he pricked a hole in my arm, and let the blood run into a bowl, nearly half full as I remember, —a small bowl. Then they put a bed in the room before the fire and put me in bed, where I staid a long time; did not get any better, but worse all the time. The doctor came every day, and one day he bled me again, and I suppose that made me weaker. I was very sick, and have heard my father say he was up with me every night for a month. They made a blister on my neck and chest which was very sore. It had to be dressed every morning. One day my little brother Hiram was standing by me, holding something which they were using, and he fainted. When the blister healed it left a bad scar which I have carried all my life. I am glad they do not treat sick folks like that now. My little brother Obadiah four years old, took the fever and died January 20th. I remember they brought him in his little casket to my bedside for me to see him,—such a pretty little fat fellow.

The 16th of April another little brother came, and the first time I saw him I said "Let us call him Willy," and he has been William ever since.

I was well enough to go to the school when summer came. The teacher was Louisa St. John, and another pleasant summer we played in the woods, happy as children could be. Then through the long vacation there was no lack of employment, helping mother in the house, running around in the fields; and sometimes we helped father. I recall picking up potatoes, when he and the man plowed them out of the ground,—great big red ones, good to eat; and we had good appetites, after working in the open air. After the trees in the Briggs lot had been cut down quite a long time, and the stumps were dry enough to burn, father carried some fire from the fireplace, and put it on top of a stump with dry stuff, which was plentiful all around. Then, when it had a good start, he took some of the fire for the next one, till they were all smoking and blazing. It took a long time to burn them, roots and all, and they had to be looked after,

and the pieces piled on, a tiresome piece of work. We could help some, looking after one part of the field while pa was in the other. It is a big job to burn the stumps out of a ten or twenty acre lot,—and such a smoke!

Sometimes when they were getting in hay or grain from the fields, they would take down a length of fence, to drive through, and we had to watch the gap, so the cows and pigs that were running in the road, would not get in. It was dull work, for it seemed that the animals were always watching for a chance, and sure to know when a fence was down. These animals were the property of the men who lived in the old houses, and had no land of their own.

I think it was in the summer of 1842 that a convention was held in Buffalo for the organization of the Liberty Party, by men who thought it wrong for one man to buy or steal another, and make him work for him without pay, as the white men of the southern states did with the black people. My father was an anti-slavery man, and wanted to go to this convention. People did not travel then as they do now; there were no railroads and they would have to cross Lake Erie to Buffalo in sail boats. Mother did not like to have him go; but he and Mr. Henry Chapin, who lived in Lafayette, an old friend of his, went together. I was very fond of father after his tender care of me in my long illness, and I was afraid he never would come back, that he would be drowned in Lake Erie; but the weather was fine, and after a week or ten days he was home again, safe and sound.

In those days people made cloth for their clothes, instead of buying it in the stores. Most of the farmers kept sheep, some, large flocks, two or three hundreds, perhaps; others, a few for their own use, for the wool and for their meat,—which is called mutton. When the warm spring days came, the sheep were driven to the creek, or wherever there was plenty of clean water, to be washed. If there were many, it took several men. Some of them went into the water, and others put the sheep in; and, as the old rhyme had it:

"There they swim but never bite,
While men do wash them clean and white."

In a week perhaps, of pleasant weather, the wool on the sheep would be dry, and they would be driven into the barn to be sheared. A man would catch a sheep and lay it down on a table or bench, and with the big sheep-shears, commencing at the neck, would shear the wool off close to the skin. Sometimes they would clip a little of the skin, unless very careful, which hurt the poor sheep cruelly. The shearers were careful not to pull the wool apart after all was cut off, and rolled the fleece carefully into a nice bundle and tied it with twine. The sheep were usually quiet while being shorn; but glad when it was over. We children loved to stand near and watch the men at work. Some of the wool was taken to the cardingmill and made into rolls, which were to be spun into yarn on a wheel; some to be woven into cloth, some prepared for knitting yarn to make stockings and mittens. Mother had a spinning wheel, and when I was nine years old she taught me to spin. Few children of this day have ever seen a spinning wheel, and I will not try to describe it. I do not know what became of ours. It is nice work to spin; Julia and I would spin a half-run a day, enough to make each of us a pair of stockings, after it was doubled and twisted on the wheel. When we were a little older we spun enough for long pieces of cloth. Some was colored two or three different colors, and woven in checks for dresses. We had each of us a shawl of dark blue and dark red, the checks about an inch square, with fringe all around. Grandma Alton wove the cloth and shawls.

Sheep are innocent, gentle creatures, and if treated kindly, very tame, and will eat out of your hand. I loved to help drive them. We had large flocks. When father wished to drive them from one field to another he would take his little dish of salt, and call "sheep, sheep". They loved salt and would follow. I sometimes went behind to see if any staid by the way. I don't know how many pet lambs I had; the first one I found in the barnyard beside its dead mother. I saw that it was alive, breathing very faintly, and I carried it into the house and wrapped it up, and got some warm milk and fed it with a spoon, just a little at a time. After awhile it began to move around, stood on its feet and became quite lively. I was glad I had saved its life. I rolled a piece of cloth around a goose-quill, put it in the neck of a bottle, and my lamb soon learned

how to get its milk. I called it Dolly, and whenever she saw me she would run to me for more. Dolly was a pester-box; she would go all over the house, upstairs and down cellar, so she had to be penned up, which did not please her one bit. In the fall she was put in the field with the sheep and seemed to understand that she was one of them. I had many pets after that, but did not feed them from a bottle; I taught them to drink out of a basin, which was more easily kept clean. Father said they were not worth raising, that they drank more milk than they were worth; but we could not let the little things starve. When I was grown up and married, he gave me fifty sheep, for the lambs I had raised.

The winter after I was nine years old Mr. Thomas Wadsworth, an Oberlin student, was the school teacher. I was troubled with the sore throat again, and missed a good deal of the school; but they got along without me.

And so, for a number of seasons, school was kept in the old house. I remember all the teachers. The next summer Miss Lucy Gleason taught; then Mr. Chester Hosmer; next Miss Eliza Ann Buckingham; next James Holmes, then Sarah Stiles, who was the last teacher in the old house, and it was the last of our summer school. Children did not have the opportunities then for getting an education which they do now; but we learned different things: we made cheese and butter, and did the housework. Mother's health was not good and we could not be spared. When I was twelve, the old school house was pulled down and a new one built on the same ground. The first winter in the new school house, John Caughey taught, and the next also. The next winter, Horace Matteson commenced to teach; but after teaching five days, was taken with bleeding of the lungs, and went to his home in Litchfield, where he was sick all winter. Mr. Robert Whiteside took his place and taught two winters. Most of the rough, ungainly boys had graduated, though there were still a number who could not be called scholarly or even gentlemanly. They did not see the need of much book learning, but they enjoyed the fun they had in the noon hour and recess. Our teachers were good men, and capable of teaching the required subjects, at the time. Some of them insisted on their

pupils reading so as to be understood, enunciating clearly. They had arithmetic, grammar, geography, mental arithmetic, writing and spelling, and if the pupils did not understand their lessons it was not the fault of the teachers.

When I was eleven years old, little sister Eleanor came, and two years later another Obadiah. We always called him Diley. When I was fifteen years old, came the greatest sorrow to our family, the sudden death of my brother Hiram, who was at our nearest neighbors, assisting in threshing grain.

It was a bright, beautiful morning, Friday, the thirteenth of October eighteen hundred and forty eight. I shall never forget it. Mr. Franks was painting the house, and we were all at our work, when William Chambers came running as fast as he could, and said Hiram had falled into the machine and torn his (I understood him,) head off; but it was not quite so bad as that; it was his leg, and when I understood, I thought it would not kill him, he would be a cripple; but we would have Hiram with us yet. But the shock to his nervous system was so great, and though everything possible was done to save him, he died in six hours. There were no railroads or telegraphs then, but no time was lost in sending for a doctor; and he said Dr. Ackley, a celebrated surgeon of Cleveland, was in Medina that morning, on his way to Cleveland, and possibly had not gone yet. Mr. Harris had a fast horse, and Dr. Barnes drove him to Medina in thirty minutes (a distance of ten miles.) He found Dr. Ackley just ready to start for Cleveland, and he came as fast as possible to Seville, and then to our house; but as soon as he saw Hiram he said, "He will die, nothing can save him."

I shall never forget that terrible day, nor the night, and the sobs of my dear father in his bed near by, and if I dozed I would arouse and think, "what an awful dream!" but no, it was no dream, all too true, too real.

The funeral was in the Baptist church, conducted by Mr. Noyes. The text was from Psalms 103, 14th to 17th verses, "As for man, his days are as the grass, as the flower of the field so he flourisheth, for the wind passeth over it, and it is gone, and the place thereof shall know it no more." But the loving kindness of

Jehovah is from everlasting to everlasting to them that fear him, and His righteousness unto children's children." Hiram's body was placed in the vault in Western Star.

My father was a very careful man, and when he went to Mr. Owens' barn and saw where Hiram stood, on the high scaffold over the machine, with the hay falling over the edge, he said he would not have had him stand there a minute, for his farm. Mr. Rice handed sheaves to Hiram, and he threw them to the man who put them in the cylinder. Hiram had on a new pair of shoes, and the heel was caught by a spike, they said, which stopped the machine and horses; otherwise he might have been drawn through. Why did those men allow such a boy to stand in such a perilous situation?

O, the sad, sad years that followed! Everything around reminded us of Hiram. Had he lived till the tenth of November, he would have been thirteen years old, a handsome boy, manly beyond his years, and a great help to father, who never ceased to mourn for him.

In those days we seldom heard of death caused by accident, but now one can hardly take up a daily paper that does not tell of railroad-accidents, so many killed or injured; automobile accidents, usually two or four killed or injured. Do the readers as a general thing, stop to consider the agony, not only of the victims, but to their friends? Does it pay? Are all these modern inventions worth to any one the life of one dear one?

Little Dilie had always been a frail child, and the following March, his short earthly life went out to join the innocents above. Father had been seriously ill, and just recovered when the little one left us. He was two and a half years old. They laid his dainty little form in the parlor, and I don't know how many times I went in, to look again at the sweet little face, and I thought," how lovely he is, and O, if he were only back again, what would I not do to make him happier!" Yet I knew he was far happier in the fold of the tender shepherd than any earthly love could make him. Thus the sorrowful days passed. Mother was far from well, and Julia and I attended to the household cares, which filled up the time through the summer.

That summer Mr. George Green came to Seville, to set up his business of making melodeans, to furnish instruments to the musically inclined. No such opportunity had ever come this way before; indeed, there was not a keyboard instrument anywhere in this vicinity, and very few people had ever seen one. Mr. Green could play, and the people were delighted to hear the music. A good many bought instruments, among them my father. We took lessons of Mr. Green, and after a few weeks had passed, could play accompaniments to the songs we sang. Some years previous to this, father took the Philanthropist, an anti-slavery paper, edited by Mr. Bailey. His wife edited a little paper called The Youth's Monthly Visitor, which we took. In this little paper, occasionally, was a song with notes, which mother taught us to sing. Thus we learned to sing by note. One song which I remember, was "Be kind to each other, the night is coming on, when friend, and when brother, perchance may be gone." Another was, "The little blind slave boy, who was sold away from his mother for one paltry dollar."

One day, an elderly man, Mr. Smith, came to visit father, and staid all night. In the evening he sang for us the song of the Chickadee, with the notes of the air, which mother taught to us, and many a time we sang it for the entertainment of our friends. For the amusement of the grandchildren I will try to think of the words:

1 "The ground was all covered with snow, one day,
As two little sisters were busy at play,
When a snowbird was sitting close by in a tree,
And merrily singing his chickadee, chickadee,
And merrily singing his chickadee.

2 He had not been singing that tune very long,
E'er Emily had heard him, so loud was his song.
"O, sister, come here to the window and see,
Here's a little bird singing his chickadee!"

3 "Poor little fellow, he walks in the snow and the sleet,
And has neither stockings or shoes on his feet.
I pity him so, O, how cold he must be,
And yet he keeps singing his chickadee!

4 "If I were a barefooted snowbird, I know
I would not go out in the cold and the snow.
I wonder what makes him so full of his glee,
He's all the time singing his chickadee.

5 "O, mother, do get him some stockings and shoes,
A frock and a cloak and a hat, if he choose;
I wish he'd come into the parlor and see,
How warm we would make him, poor chickadee!"

6 The bird had flown for some crumbs of bread,
But he heard every word little Emily said.
"What a figure I'd make in that dress," thought he,
And he laughed as he warbled his chickadee.

7 "I'm thankful," he said, "for the wish you express,
But I've no occasion for such a fine dress;
I'd rather remain with my limbs all free,
Than to hobble about, singing chickadee."

8 "There's One, my dear child, though I cannot tell who,
Has clothed me already, and warm enough too.
Good morning, O, who are so happy as we?"
And away he went, singing his chickadee.

One winter, Mr. Loomis, who lived at Lodi, had a singing school in our school house, one night a week, and the next week, a night in the district west of us,—the Freeman district, thus accommodating the young folks in both districts, and giving them a chance to learn to sing.

The next October the Spencer family gave two concerts in Seville. There were three of the brothers and a sister Julia. My brother Hiram went to the concert, and the next day he died. The next day after his death, the Spencers came and sang, "Shed not a tear o'er your friend's early bier, when I am gone." All these things are as distinct to my memory, dear, as if they happened one year ago, instead of sixty-five years. Miss Julia Spencer afterward married a Baptist minister, Mr. Carman, and they had four sons, with whom they gave delightful concerts, and at least three of them are Baptist ministers.

The next winter after the Spencers sang here, Mr. David Spencer had singing school in the church in Seville, to which we went. I remember that the body of the church was filled with singers; most of the young people went. Though all might not have had good voices, a large proportion could sing. It was a source of pleasure which the young folks of this day do not appreciate. The times have changed, perhaps not for the better.

That winter was the last of my school days in the district school. The teacher was Horace Matteson. He was a good teacher and had the good will of all, and the faculty of getting pupils to do their best. There were good schools in those days. It has been quite the fashion, the past few years, to ridicule "the District School," as they term it, ; but I have noticed that these critics, some of them at least, might have learned some things in the district schools. Mr. Matteson made our house his home that winter,—that is, over Sunday, and boarded around during the week. Boarding around was not considered a hardship in those days, it was like going visiting. The children loved to have their teachers at their homes, and in most families it was made pleasant for them.

Our little sisters Rachel and Eleanor went to school that winter. Eleanor for the first time in winter. I suppose she took cold, and it terminated in membraneous croup, causing her death, February the eleven. Eight days later Rachel died with what the Doctors now call diphtheria. Surely this family was acquainted with grief. In a year and four months, four of our dear ones were taken from us to join the innumerable throng.

Mr. Matteson said Rachel was the brighest pupil of her age, he ever had in his schools; she could read in the second reader as well as anyone could when she was five years old, before she ever went to school, and she sang very prettily. The second reader of that day was as hard to read as the third of a later edition of the McGuffey's Readers.

Cousin Sarah, the little cousin the age of Rachel, was a bright girl also. Her mother was dead, and Miss Martha Hayes was their housekeeper. She did not want Rachel to get ahead of Sarah, and had her read often, so, as she told Sarah, Cousin Rachel would not get ahead of her. One day the two little girls were standing on a chair before the looking glass, and Sarah said "I think Sarah is the prettiest." Funny, that such a little girl would think of such things.

I must not forget to tell you about our spelling schools. They were held evenings, and were a source of profit as well as pleasure; they were well attended, and were an incentive to study of the

spelling book. Sometimes the teacher would have two of the pupils choose sides. They knew pretty well who were good spellers and each was anxious to have the good ones. One side would choose one, then the other; and when all were chosen, the teacher would pronounce the words. When a word was misspelled the one on the other side would spell it,—if he could, and the one who missed sat down. It did not take long for all to sit down, as a general thing; but the side that had the most standing, was the winner, and the one who stood up longest was the best man, or girl. Sometimes all would stand up in front of their seats, as they happened to be sitting, and the teacher would begin at one side to pronounce. If the words were from the back part of the book, most of them were soon down; but the good spellers often stood up a long time.

But the most fun, was when the school went to another school, to have a spelling match. If there was sleighing, the large boys would find a big sled and horses, and put some straw in the sled and some buffalo robes, and drive around and pick up the girls. Sometimes there would be two or three loads, and a merry time they would have. When the spelling began, I guess there was some excitement,—as much as there is now about the ball games, between the districts. Happy was the school that carried off the honors, and happier the boy or girl who stood up longest. I think your grandmother carried off the honors oftener than any other, for she could spell every word in the spelling book.

As I have mentioned before, father was an anti-slavery man. Some of the black folks who were held as slaves had learned that if they could get to Canada, they would be free; that the land of freedom was north; that the north star would guide them. Some of them did get over the Ohio River, and by the aid of kindhearted people found their way. A friendly man would take them by night to the house of another, who would keep them till the next night and supply their needs, and at night take them to the next friendly place. Some of them were directed to our house, and Father usually took them to Mr. Timothy Burr's in Harrisville, where they would be sent to Wellington or Oberlin, and from there to Lake Erie, and from there to Canada, where no master could

take them. Some people though it was all right to enslave negroes, that they were animals, not good enough for anything but servants, —especially people who, with the advantages in their reach, were not greatly in advance of the negro, who was a heathen, stolen from his native land by wicked men.

Some of the big boys, when we were little children, loved to tease us about the negros, would ask us how many niggers we had in our cellar last night, if we loved niggers, if we were going to marry a nigger. I remember a man who thought himself capable of preaching the gospel to white people, asking father if he would like to have his girls marry niggers. Father told him there were white men he would not like to have his girls marry.

As I said before, my last school in the district was when I was sixteen years old; but I attended the select-school in Seville, the first term when Mr. Charles Foster was teaching, then a fall and spring term taught by Mr. Samuel Barnard, next, a term when Mr. Haywood was teacher. In the fall of 1850 I went to Oberlin College, boarding in the home of Professor Hudson. The Seville Academy was built in 1851, and opened for pupils in the fall. It was presided over by Mr. Almer Harper, a graduate of Oberlin College, assisted by Miss Margaret Thompson, and here I attended the winter and spring terms of 1852, where ended my schooldays,—days of pleasant memories, mostly.

I must not forget to tell about the young grizzly bear that came to school one morning the last term of my school life. Mr. William High had been to California in 1849, and came home in 1852 and brought with him a young grizzly, a baby perhaps a month or two old when he started. He came on a ship, of course, around Cape Horn. I think the Railroad across the Isthmus of Panama was not then completed. It was a long journey, but he cared for the little bear, and it was quite a cub when he reached here. One morning the little grizzly came to school with the boys, and ran over the desks and stirred up the books. None of us petted him or tried to lift him. I would say that he was as large as a pig that would weigh seventy-five pounds. Mr. Cub was sent home at once, and ran around with the boys. Mr. John High told me lately, that he

would go swimming in the millpond with them, and would play hide-and-seek with them. They sold him before he was very large, and do not know what became of him; very likely some show-man bought him for his menagerie.

Some other incidents of life occur to me. Going across a field one day, I came upon a brood of little quails, the first, and only time I have ever been so fortunate. I think there were two dozen of them, though they did not stand still enough to be counted. They looked to me like little brown leghorn chickens, all feathered out, and about as big as bumblebees,—the prettiest little things imaginable. Just as I was about to take a good look at them, pick up one, perhaps, the mother quail flew up with a great fluttering, calling my attention; then looking to see where the little ones were, not one was to be seen, though I searched for a long time.

Not long ago I told this circumstance to Mr. Stange, a man who is interested in wild birds. He has quite a collection, and raises them to sell, and keeps them for his own pleasure. He puts the eggs under hens to be hatched. Where, or how he got the eggs he did not say,—and the wonder is, I did not think to ask him, Partridges look like quail, only much larger. He said that as soon as they are out of the shell they will run. One day some friends went with him to see some newly hatched partridges, and one little fellow ran through the wire fence, and he and his friends hunted an hour for him, and finally found him, lying on his back, with a leaf over him, holding it in his little claws.

I am sure I will never forget about the little quails. May be if I had looked longer, and stirred the grass, and leaves, I would have found some of them.

When the new house was built, there was a large oven, built with brick beside the large fireplace in the kitchen. It was large enough to hold a dozen loaves of bread at once, or pies. When baking-day came, about an hour before the bread was ready to go into the oven, a fire was built in the oven, with long, fine-split dry wood. The chimney of the oven was connected with that of the fire-place. I must tell you about it, for I think you have never seen an oven in a house, or outside either. Well, when the wood

was all burned to coals, and the smoke burned off the top of the oven, the coals were taken off with a long-handled shovel; they called it a slice. Then the bread, pies, and cakes were put in, and in an hour they would be done, if the oven was hot enough. Things baked very nicely. Everything came out so nice and evenly baked. No stove-baking could compare with the old oven. One day they took the bread out of the oven, as well as some pumpkin pies, and as they took them out, with the long-handled slice, they had to put them on the hearth or floor. We children were running around, (heedless kids) and I ran into a pumpkin pie, just out of the oven, *hot*. I suppose I howled. Samantha, our hired girl, stood me in a tub of water that was standing near by, and I think it did not blister, so no great harm came of it. Very likely the chickens enjoyed the pie, and may be it taught us to mind what we were at. Whether it did or not, I never forgot about stepping into the hot pumpkin pie. This reminds we of a little true story, similar. Mrs. Will Barnard had company to dinner one day. Little Ab. Barnard was there. Mrs. Barnard baked a custard pie and an apple pie, and when they were done, put them out on a bench to cool. She saw little Ab. laughing and shaking himself. The old rooster had jumped into the custard pie, which burned his feet, and he jumped from that into the apple pie.

Another event, never forgotten, was the drowning of a little boy I have mentioned as going to school across the woods with us, Nathan Dye. It was two or three years after this that Nathan was skating on Chippewa Creek. The ice broke, and Nathan went under. It was two or three days before his body was found. I remember going to his funeral with our folks.

When I was five years old, father and mother went to Connecticutt to visit their family for the first time since they left them, eight and a half years before. Uncle William and Aunt Sarah came and took charge of the work, the cheese and butter making, and us four youngsters, Julia, Mary, Hiram and Obadiah, who was a good little fellow, and took care of himself mostly, in his little wagon. Aunt Sarah was a capable woman who could do most everything. She took good care of us, and loved the baby, so I guess he did not miss his mamma. They were gone six weeks, and

he did not know her, when they came home. This was the only time mother ever went back to her old home, and the last time she ever saw her father.

Some time after this, father, mother, uncle William and wife, and we children, all went to visit Uncle Daniel Hulburt, who lived in Brighton, and their cousins the Warrens, who lived in Wellington. It was in the fall, I think, cold enough to wear cloaks, which I remember, but do not know who took care of things at home; they must have had a man and hired girl. We went in the big lumber wagon, and started early in the morning, for it took as long to go as it takes now to go to Chicago. It was thirty miles, and some of the way the roads were pretty bad. I wish some of the newspaper men who make so much fuss over the roads in these days, had to be driven over a few miles of the corduroy roads of those days. May be they could be able to appreciate the good roads of today. We stopped at the house of some acquaintances of our folks, I don't know who they were; but we had dinner and a rest for ourselves and the horses. Then we went on, and reached Uncle Dan's before dark, and I am sure we all had a hearty welcome.

We staid there two nights, and there was a lot of visiting done in the time. They had a large dairy, I remember the cheese room with cupboards full of great cheeses,—which is about all I think of, now. We all reached home safely, and some of us were tired. Such visits were not frequent and it was a long time before we went again.

Aunt Julia Oviatt, mother's sister, lived in Richfield, which was about the same distance in the other direction, and we went there to visit them, with father and mother. Uncle Oviatt had a large orchard of all kinds of fruit, pears and apples. He had been in Ohio longer than our folks, and had plenty of fruit, while our trees were small. One year there were no apples to be had near us, and we children went with father to Uncle Oviatt's and brought home a load of them. When I was ten or eleven, Julia and I went again with father. Aunt Julia was sick and she did not live much longer. She left five little children. The oldest was Ruth, now Mrs. Milton Freeman. All the others died young. The two boys, John and Charles, eighteen and twenty years old, died in the army in 1863. Harriet lived with our folks after her mother's death. When she

became old enough to help, her father wanted her, and she went home with him. Sarah, the second girl, and Harriet, went to the Painesville Seminary for some time; but their lives were short. Sarah died at twenty-four, and Harriet when she was twenty-two

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September twenty-fifth, nineteen hundred and thirteen.

You see by this date, it is my birthday again. Today I am eighty years old, an octogenarian. I must be growing old, though I feel about as I have for the past ten years. The Lord has been good to me. One year ago today Hollis was here; and Dole, Claude and Cliff and Edith and Cora, and Mrs. Abbott were here to dinner, and Hollis went away that night. Before he went, he gave me this tablet, in which to write recollections of my early life, for Mary and the children, that they might know how their grandparents lived so long ago. Well, I thought I never could think of so much that would be of interest, that my childhood had been uneventful, our home in the country isolated,—only the common, everyday occurrences, incident to the household and farm life; so it was hard to start.

After being reminded of it a few times by Mary's letters, I made a beginning, and I found there were a good many things long forgotten that could be uncovered.

> "Fond memory brings the light of other days around me,
> The smiles, the tears of childhood years, the words of love then spoken,
> The eyes that shone, now dimmed and gone."

I seemed to live the years over again. And some I have jotted down in this little blank book Hollis gave me, for Mary and the children. But before sending it to them in far away Japan or China, I must copy them into another book. Perchance another brood of grandchildren may wish to know a little something of their progenitors, and how they lived, so long ago. Great changes have come in the manner of living in this part of the world, and in all parts of the world where civilized or Christian people have gone. Whether the people of this section of the country are happier than

when my parents settled in their western home, is a question. Their wants were few, they wore their clothes till they were worn out. The women "looked well to the ways of their households and ate not of the bread of idleness." The foolish fashions, and changes of fashions, did not trouble them. They had a public library in this town, soon after my father came here, and a literary and debating club, where they learned to express their views. The books they read, though not so many of them as at this day, (and for that reason, remembered,) were mostly history and biography ; not many novels. Now one cannot begin to read the half that are written and offered for sale in every store. They are dissipating to the mind; one can read and forget one in a week. But now we have the telegraph and telephone, steamships, steam cars, automobiles and airships, and one can talk to another across the ocean, and it brings the earth's people nearer to each other.

Later.

The day I was eighty years old, Claude and Edith invited some of the old ladies to celebrate the birthday of Claude's mother and Edith's mother, who is one year younger than I am, for dinner. There was Mrs. Dailey, Mrs. Austin, Mrs. Bostwick, Mrs. Coulter, Mrs. Dix, Mrs. Abbott, and Julia. Mrs. Parker was invited, but she was not able to come, having been very sick while on a visit to Connecticutt. Mrs. Lee and Mrs. Easton were invited, but they were away from home. We had a delightful day, the weather was perfect; and our dear Claude was with us at the table, so dear and precious and happy, and kind to everyone. No one could help but love him. How little we thought that he would be called to go, before any of these old ladies: but in just two weeks he was taken, without warning. Such a shock to all. O, how can we spare him!

And here ends the first volume of the life of Mary Hulburt; for in June of the year 1852, she became Mrs. Horace E. Matteson, the wife of her best-beloved teacher, whose earthly life ended April 24, 1904, in his seventy-eighth year.

I could add many more incidents; but your mother will be tired of reading all this, some of which may be more interesting to her than to little people.

THE FAMILY LIFE OF MARY AND HORACE MATTESON.

Chapter I. Something about the "Mr. Matteson" Mary Hulburt Married.

Chapter II. Good Reasons for the Quality of Mary Hulburt.

Chapter III. Reminescences of Early Family Life.

Chapter IV. Mary Hulburt's Mature Years.

The Baptist Convenant.

Chapter I.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE "MR. MATTESON" MARY HULBURT MARRIED.

Mary Matteson Wilbur

After our parents were married they went on a honeymoon tour from Cleveland to Detroit by boat. For two years they lived with Grandfather, then made a home in Seville, where Father engaged in business. He was the first agent appointed by the newly organized Ohio Farmer's Insurance Co. at LeRoy, of which Grandfather was a Director, Father wrote its first policy. Mahoning County was later assigned to him as his territory, in which assignment he was succeeded by Charlie, and upon Charlie's death, by his son Clark Hulburt Matteson, so that for over three-quarters of a century the agency for Mahoning Co. was in our family. In summer Father visited the farmers of that County,—in the "good old horse-and-buggy days." He carried a stout hickory cane for emergencies, and once broke the head of a dog which attacked him, killing it instantly. He carried a case of jewellery and silver to sell; so that in Mahoning, as well as in Medina Counties, survive coin-silver spoons, stamped with his name and engraved in his perfect script. His handwriting was beautiful to the time of his death. I saw him demonstrate how to keep the engraved names uniform, by filling the inscription just graven upon a spoon, with ink, laying it upon his wrist, then placing the second spoon upon the impression,—a particular, nice task. Also I watched him clean a gold chain with a jeweller's brush and soap and water. What we learn from anyone constitutes a train of association.

At the same time, Father carried on a drygoods and men's-clothing store; at first, I believe, with Mr. Hatch, but later with help of his sons. For eighty years that store was in Seville, Clifford taking it when Father retired at sixty. It had a wareroom where ingrain carpet rolls were kept, which it was great fun to mount and propel back and forth with one's feet. When the sample cards of men's suitings went out of season Father gave them to Mother, who made quilts from them, and he taught me from them how to tell pure wool from mixtures, an invaluable lesson for life. From Father we learned the meaning of commercial terms "good-

will", "dead beats", "credit"—a practice which cost him many hundreds of dollars from unscrupulous customers who failed to pay their bills. He developed an unerring taste, and so had choice goods. Before Cleveland became a wholesale center, as it was during my girlhood, Father went to New York City to make purchases, and he always brought back beautiful gifts for Mother and Aunt Julia, alike,—shawls, silk dress patterns or English fine woolens, often more beautiful. I helped to wear them out, and enjoyed them to the last thread. He also bought carpets and furniture for the house. He was what, in the Western Reserve, is called a "good provider", and furnished good and abundant food, with consequent rosy cheeks in his family. He enjoyed having guests about, even as late in his life as when I had house parties for a week or two at a time. No limitation was imposed on any child as to inviting guests.

He was fun-loving and genial and mercurial. We owe to him a keen sense of humor ; the story-telling genius my brothers have, is direct from him Nothing could be gayer than to listen to my five brothers, seated in a ring in the sitting room telling amusing stories, popping them in so fast and aptly that never a second elapsed. The uncanny marksmanship some of them have is also an inheritance from him. Cliff held for years the county record for clay pigeons,—fifty out of fifty, I have been told. After Father's family migrated to Litchfield, in 1836, the first year they had no meat but what they shot: wild turkey, quail and other birds,—and young Horace brought in his share. Claude often took me on long drives with him, during which he would point out and name a bird on the wing. A photograph greatly prized, is of Dick, at the age of twelve, returning from a hunting trip, wearing a man's hunting-coat, which reaches to his knees, the big pockets bulging with rabbits. As background, on a fence is the legend, painted in large white letters, "Go to Matteson's Store." To see the instinct for markmanship emerge in our Halsey at an early age, was a deep satisfaction. Pheasants in the hinterland of Shanghai were his targets. Father was fond of games, and from him and Claude I learned what is proper and improper at playing cards: the courtesy of silence and good humor; the incivility of

gratuitous advice and recrimination, and above all that anyone who will cheat at games will cheat at anything. His taste in reading was for Scott and Irving, whose works filled a bookcase, above the Encyclopedia,—fine browsing.

Father had a grand voice. He taught singing school in his youth, and was chorister in our church later on, but in his middle age he sang very little. So it came as a surprise to me, one night when the neighborhood young people who were home on college holidays, assembled on our porch, to learn how Father could sing. We had sung the Walloping Window Blind, Stars of the Summer Night and other college songs, Burt, then a member of the Oberlin Glee Club, had taught us, when someone started to sing the old Foster song, "Nelly Gray." Father, had taken no part, but in that song of his youth, he startled us all by joining in. He was about seventy then. His splendid voice soared above all the others, like a bronze bell, clear, ringing and true,—the true *tenor-robusto.* Shall I ever forget the breath-taking thrill of hearing my father sing like that!

"Oh my darling Nellie Gray,
They have taken you away,
And I'll never see my darling any more."

Father, as well as Grandfather, came of a long line of Baptists. An amusing incident happened to me, with respect to this, in the Newberry Library in Chicago. I had worked on the most elusive of all ancestral lines, the Matteson, and as we were about to return to Shanghai, and were pressed for time, I consulted an elderly genealogist. He gave one glance at the notes I gave him, and then fixed me with a fishy eye, and asked "You a Baptist?" When I could catch my breath enough to admit that I was, he said shortly, "All Mattesons Baptists. I've looked 'em up before. Came down to Providence with Roger Williams." This statement has not been verified, but was quite worth the five dollars I subsequently paid him, although he never got far with that line, with its maze of Thomases.

Father left correspondence with the children to Mother. He wrote a letter to Cousin Dole, which is revealing, and includes some

history of his family, which is appended. He was evidently a stimulating school teacher,—as Mother indicates. A small village where he taught, near Wooster, is named for him, "Madison".

His parents lived in Litchfield, where they were pillars of the Baptist Church. His Father died in 1870, and the family reports of him are all attractive. In 1849 he, with three of his sons went to California, allegedly on foot by the Sante Fe Trail. What a trek! Jehial and Oscar made California their home. Grandfather returned by way of Cape Horn with $2,000.00. He went back again, making one trip by Panama, long before the Canal was made.

Father's mother I remember as an energetic, decided woman. Aunt Julia, after her first view of myself, advocated calling me Catherine, because of my resemblance to this grandmother; but Mother declined, saying she promised herself if she ever had another little daughter, to name her Mary, and she had waited eighteen years. Grandmother Matteson spent a winter with us, when I was about six or seven. At that time she and Burt grew confidential, and she told him this anecdote: Catherine's father was Scotch, and her mother Dutch, and Dutch was spoken in the family. When Catherine was fourteen she announced to her family that she intended to be a school teacher, and that henceforth would speak no more Dutch, but English. She had not a trace of brogue in her speech in her later life. Her early home was in Scoharie County, N.Y., where her grandfather John Joseph Van Valkenburgh served through the Revolutionary war as a "spy for General Washington" during the terrible Indian-Tory raids. Her grandfather George McDole fought in Albany regiments during the same war. Conflicting reports come down to us as to George's advent in America. What Father wrote to our cousin and what Grandmother Matteson told to us, are different. Grandmother said George a boy of fifteen was chopping wood at the back door of his home in Edinburgh, cheerfully whistling, when he was carried off by men from a French privateer "lying in the offing", and taken to Canada to fight against the English. Eventually he escaped, and fought with the English, then later, made his way to Albany, where he married a Dutch wife. Other versions comes down through descendants of Catherine's brother George and through her uncle Thomas, which will appear

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later. For years I puzzled over what, "a ship in the offing" might be. Ida has written,: "I never see the figures of the D.A.R. 'Pioneer Women', along the highways, that I do not think of Grandmother Matteson. She had ten children and reared eight. She made their clothes from the sheep; carded the wool, spun and dyed it, then wove it. I never went there but she had something on the loom. She came of a hardy race,—those Maydoles, I knew some of them in Iowa."

My Grandmother Matteson lived till I was well grown, so I saw her at various times, and heard her tell stories of her people.

Father wrote the following letter to his nephew, David M. Matteson:

Seville, Ohio, Nov. 21st, 1899.

My dear Nephew:—

Yours of the 19th received and contents carefully noted..... As to the questions you ask me concerning our ancestry, I will tell you all I know about them, which will be very little, as I left the State of New York when I was a lad of only nine years old.

My father Cyrus Matteson was born in Burlington, Otsego Co, N.Y., Feb. 7, 1800. His father's name was Thomas; but where he was born or died I do not know for certain, but think he died in Chenango Co., N.Y. I never saw him but once, and that was before I was three years old. Tradition says the Mattesons were of purely English extraction, four brothers coming to this country over two hundred years ago, settling in Rhode Island.....My grandmother on my father's side was named Eunice LeValley. She was of French descent. She had a brother living in Lansing, Thompkins Co. N.Y., but I never saw him. We moved from Freetown, Courtland Co. when I was three years old, to Groton, Thompkins Co., where we lived six years. Grandmother Matteson was at our house several times during our stay there. She died soon after we moved to Ohio. (1836)

Father had four brothers*, Christopher, Eli, Elias and Thomas, also five sisters, Esther, Hannah, Sally, Betsey and Eunice, all of whom are dead. They never had any coat-of-arms, but were glad to get a good wool coat to keep their backs warm. They were a hardy pioneer stock, fond of adventure and sports. I never heard of any of them dying very wealthy.

My mother, Catherine McDole, was born in Scoharie, County of Scoharie, N.Y. about 25 miles west of Albany. From there they moved to Freetown in Courtland Co., where she grew to womanhood and married. Five of her children were born there, viz: Alexander, Lusetta, James LeValley, Horace and Rodintha. Three were born in Groton: Oscar, Jehial and Annah. Chauncey and Lydia Jane were born in Litchfield, Medina Co., Ohio.

My mother's mother's name was Annah Van Valkenburgh,—strictly Dutch, I know nothing about her relatives. My grandfather wrote his name Alexander MacDole. Sister Lusetta has a locket pin, now in the hands of her daughter, with name on it as stated. His father Alexander MacDowell was born in Edinburgh, Scotland, was an officer in Gen. Burgoyne's Army, and came to this country about 1754-55 to fight the French at Quebec. He served in the French and Indian war about six or seven years and then came to Albany to live. There he married a Dutch wife. When the Revolutionary war broke out he enlisted and served seven years in that war.....I have no record of birth, marriage or death, of these ancestors. You will readily see there is a variety of ways of spelling the names of the McDole family. It is the same with the Matteson family. The original English name no doubt was Matthewson; from that Matteson, Mattison, Matson, and Madison come. I have become acquainted with men in different parts, that spelled their names in all these different ways. And all traced their ancestors back to Rhode Island, and knew

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*Note. Much earlier than the date of this letter Father gave me the list of his known ancestors. At that time, he gave the names of five brothers to his father Cyrus Matteson, including *Hiram*, and six sisters, including a *Sibyl*. He told me that his grandfather Thomas Matteson fought in the Battle of Plattsburgh. A list of the soldiers in that battle include a Thomas Mastin.

about the hundred million fortune back in England, waiting, *only* waiting for them to prove their heirship to it.

The Scotch and Dutch blood in the McDoles and Van Valkenburghs made them a very thrifty, energetic, well-to-do people, and many of them became wealthy; but it nearly all came by their genius and hard knocks.....I have always enjoyed the visits of my friends and relatives, and have done everything I could to make their stay with us pleasant and enjoyable.

Hoping to hear from you often, and with many good wishes for your future welfare and happiness, I remain,

Your affectionate Uncle,

H. E. MATTESON.

Chapter II.

GOOD REASONS FOR THE QUALITY OF MARY HULBURT

Mary Matteson Wilbur

I am sorry for you who were born too late to know Mother's parents. Her father, Halsey Hulburt, was a man of ability, strong character, generosity and charm, fine looking, muscular, spare, with bright hazel eyes, a high forehead and dark hair. He was alert in his motions, and spoke swiftly and correctly. When I knew him he was already elderly: but aside from wrinkles and white hair, he showed little indication of age. His was an ageless, acquisitive mind that animates till death. In his Connecticutt youth he taught school, and he always retained the habits of a student. He used to startle and disconcert me, when as a child of six and seven I had the midday meal with the grandparents and Aunt Julia, after a morning at the summer term of school, near by. He would come briskly in, stop, and transfix me with his bright eyes, and ask "Well, Mary, what did you learn today?" I never could answer that question. He would laugh, his eyes would twinkle, then he would go to the window and put his spectacles in their case, return to the table, say a short grace, and start in on the next project.

He was interested in every cultural advantage, and helped to promote the village literary and debating societies, and public library. He delighted in poetry and had many volumes of it. He gave an annual scholarship to Oberlin College, till he died, and he sent his two daughters to Oberlin for terms of study. Due to her great age, Mother was for a period the oldest living person who had studied at Oberlin. The catalogue of that College has honored Grandfather's name in two descendants; Halsey Hulburt Matteson and Halsey Hulburt Matteson Wilbur. He subscribed to the first number of the Atlantic Monthly, and continued it all his life. One bookcase in the home was filled with bound volumes of the Atlantic, and many a long summer day I read the serials from that storehouse of early American literature. He had the Youth's Companion from the first number. He was alert for developments in science and invention. Mother mentions the melodeon he bought for his daughters; he also bought for them the first piano in Medina County.

He was energetic and successful as a farmer, and had money to lend to less thrifty or successful neighbors. He lived for years next to the one whose negligence resulted in the tragic death of his son Hiram, yet lent him money. After his brother William died, and his nephews and niece, Halsey, Hiram and Sarah, joined that great body of 50,000 Hhioans which migrated to Kansas, he financed them over the grasshopper years, and other devastations. Once, learning that my brother was having an inappropriately hard financial struggle, I mentioned it to Grandfather, who immediately sent him a substantial check.

Mother has written of Grandfather's strong convictions; but she failed to mention his anti-masonic views. He liked argument, and a favorite diversion was to astonish and confound Free Masons with his intimate knowledge of their ritual and oaths and such practices as he cared to attack.

An outstanding indication of his character was told me by Aunt Julia. He was a strong Baptist; yet when his wife joined the Presbyterian Church, he went with her, held a pew and throughout his life supported her church, but never joined it. This decision had its roots in the times when to be a Baptist in Connecticutt meant persecution, and many of his ancestors in Enfield and Windsor were Baptists. His great-grandmother Rachel Marshall came from a family of Baptist ministers and deacons. Her Uncle Daniel went to Georgia to preach; her Aunt Eunice "preached the Baptist doctrines and was persecuted for it," her brother Eliakim, "converted under Whitefield's preaching, was a preacher, of piety and talents, who served in New Hampshire"* Samuel Marshall of Windsor, Rachel's great-grandfather, was one of the five Captains who led the Colonial forces in King Phillip's War to attack the Narragansett Fort, Dec. 19, 1665, where he fell at the head of his troop.†

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*Stiles' History of Ancient Windsor.

†Of peculiar interest to our children is the ancestral connection with George Sidney Phelps, whom they have known intimately since early childhood, due to the fact that it was by Mr. Phelps' persuasive presentation that we first came to Japan,—whereby they became little citizens of the world. The mother of Rachel Marshall, above mentioned, was Abigail Phelps, sister of Abel Phelps, the ancestor of George Sidney. Their great-grandfather William Phelps was a prime-mover in the establishment of Windsor, Conn. and his initiative and administrative spirit is not lost through the centuries. Oddly enough, he was also ancestor of Mrs. Galen Fisher and Mrs. Herbert Sneyd, both of whom are associated with our years in Japan.

Grandfather's grandmother Jane Pease, was descended from the Osborne family at Windsor. Whether they were connected with Thomas Osborne and wife, among the founders of the First Baptist Church of Boston, which as a student I attended, is a project for investigation. To read of the whippings, imprisonments and other persecutions of those founders, by the established Church and State of Massachusetts, leaves no wonder that Baptists were foremost in separating Church and State, when the Colonies established their freedom, nor that Baptists were ardent fighters for that freedom, in the Revolutionary war. I commend to your attention the History of the First Baptist Church of Boston by Dr. Nathan Wood, its pastor, when I attended.

A stirring ancestor was Grandfather's great-grandfather Titus Brown, a descendant of Peter Brown, signer of the Mayflower Compact. He and his brother Cornelius were the first two settlers of Norfolk, Conn. Titus, at the age of sixty-two, already a grandfather, (several times) answered the Call of Lexington, and later served as a private, for a year and a half in the Revolutionary War.

It had been Grandfather's intention to buy land in Michigan: but an odd intervention changed his plans. A friend in Enfield owed somebody in Guilford, as Seville was then called, thirty dollars, and arranged with Grandfather to stop off in Cleveland and go down to Guilford to repay him. After traversing the monotonous Erie Flats, when Grandfather saw the lovely, rolling, wooded terrain around Guilford, he said "this is good enough for me, I'll stay here." So, as Mother wrote, he bought land, cleared seventeen acres of trees, planted wheat, went back to Connecticutt, married pretty Betty Moses, and returned in time to reap the wheat. When he came through Cleveland he was offered land at twenty cents an acre which the Public Square now occupies; but it was such poor land he gave it no consideration,—a decision with which his grandchildren have no quarrel. This letter, written soon after he came to Ohio, sounds as if he liked Ohio:

Westfield, Ohio, Aug. 8, 1830.

"To all enquiring friends, a voice from Ohio.

"A mind long habituated to certain objects insensibly becomes fond of seeing them, visits them from habit and parts from them with reluctance.

"A controlling influence over ones' habits, and partialities for his home, society, meeting, etc., and a plenty of cash, are necessary qualifications for an agreeable residence in this newly inhabited country. The soil is productive when newly cleared of timber, like most lands in Connecticutt, being productive in Wheat, Oats, Corn, Hemp; and Tobacco can be raised without manure. We are 38 miles from Cleaveland in nearly a southern direction and 14 miles from, or West of the Canal which connects Lake Erie at Cleaveland with the river Ohio. Wheat is sent from the Reserve to New York, and at the mills on the Canal is worth about 50 cents. Agents from Rochester frequently purchase flour for the mills in that village, and when ground there, makes Rochester flour—of course. Corn worth 20-25 cts., oats 18, butter 6-¼ cents, cows from 10 to 14 dollars—in the spring, and cheese is worth making for the market on the Ohio river. Rye is of as little account as silver in the days of Solomon. Horses and cattle, I think, are the most profitable for farmers ; but cattle are subject to sweeping distempers or disorders, called murrain, for which there is no cure ; they are taken unwell and die, generally within two days. All animals are free commoners here, and live in the woods nearly as well as in the pasture. Cattle are driven to an eastern market, but an ox cannot be driven when fatted to.....profit, and had better be driven lean. The soil is generally a mixture of clay called loam. Few mills and a scarcity of mill-privileges are in some parts; but there are ten grain mills within ten miles of this place, and saw-mills are numerous. Water in wells is generally good. It is said that cattle are wintered here with less expense than in *Conn.* and to that statement the appearance of many of them bears ample testimony. The timber is sugar maple, beech, black and white Ash, black and white oak, slippery or red or other kind of Elm. White wood for boards and Black Walnut for cabinet work and covering, Basswood, and two kinds of Hickory abound. The underbrush is spice bush. All the above varieties are on our lot, and may be found in walking five rods. I have not seen a pine in Ohio. Stones are seldom found on the surface of the ground. The up-land is as good as the best uplands in Conn. and the bottom lands as good as the best bottom lands on the Connecticutt river.

Wheat does not yield well in the bottom land for the first crop, but does well after six or eight crops of corn have been taken from the land in as many years. Labor is worth nearly as much in May or Sept. as in July. 50 cents is the common price of a day's labor, or a bushel of *wheat;* and for harvesting, 1-1/2 bushels or 75 cents are given.

"I have already imparted a large share of my knowledge, and if any one wishes for more information I wish them to call and look for themselves. A word to my aunts in particular, and hope to see them in Ohio shortly. I think I shall be in Enfield by the 15th of October.

H. HULBURT."

Our loved grandfather did not know how to rest, nor did he realize he was no longer young; so one day when he was eighty-four, he sowed forty acres of oats. That effort brought on a stroke, from which he died. Memory of him, strangely, does not grow dim, but brightens with the years; his personality grows more vivid as my sense of appreciation deepens. He was typical of those educated New England men, who settled the Western Reserve in Ohio, —farmers and gentlemen.

Betsey Moses, his wife, was at the time I began to know her, a wee wisp of a woman, only four feet and eleven inches tall. Her hands shook with palsy. Her face never lost its beauty, odd as that may seem, although she lived to be ninety-three Her features were aquiline—of that harmonious conformation we attribute to the English; her complexion was like a withered blush-rose petal, of lovely fairness, translucent and fine; her eyes were beautiful in shape and setting, and of deep blue color. Several women of her family whom I have known, had the same cast of features: her niece Abby Lawrence and Abby's two daughters, Clara and Susan, and another niece, Ruth Freeman, and even more distant kinswomen. I could wish that type had descended to our generation. In spite of her shaking hands, Grandmother was active and useful, but because of that infirmity Aunt Julia became the housekeeper, and was paid a salary which she wisely and generously administered. Grandmother could not sew, within my memory, but she had been an expert needlewoman, as survivals of her work show. The veil that was part of her trousseau was hand-embroidered black bobbinet,

—a floral border about three inches wide, and was to be worn over a wide-brimmed bonnet. She could recite all of St. Matthew and all of St. John. She used to sing as she worked, My first acquaintance with "Bonnie Doon" was by listening to her singing, in her clear, sweet voice.

In her old age she preferred the fireplace to the dull stove which had replaced it; so it was uncovered. She used to sit before the wood fire, where the kettle on the crane steamed above the coals, in her little, high-backed rocking chair, padded to keep her warm. She wore frilly lace caps across the top of her head, with lavender bows, and sometimes a small plaid shawl, folded cornerwise across her shoulders,—the prettiest little Dresden-china grandmother imaginable.

The family of Betsey Moses is also of interest. Her brother Dr. Hiram Moses, of Petersburgh, N.Y. came to visit her when I was a child, and with him brought his young lady daughter, Mary Moses. They were a gay pair, and I was fascinated by them. Uncle Hiram was a lithe, wiry old gentleman, over eighty then; kept fit by horseback riding through the mountains of eastern New York, where for over fifty years he practiced medicine. (Another brother, Salmon, was a physician in Troy.) He told about the first of their name in America, and being a great joker, made it sound very funny. Indicating his lean frame, he said, "The first Moses couple that came to America, between them weighed five hundred pounds, and look what we have come to, Betty!"

The ancestor referred to, was John Moses, the first shipwright in New England, brought over by the Plymouth Colony between 1630-40. He built his boats and made his home in Duxbury, around the bay from Plymouth. He was a sturdy Church of England man, and refused to conform to the Plymouth Colony religious requirements. He and several of his generations of descendants fought as determinedly to worship God in the Episcopal way as our Baptist ancestors fought to worship in their way. His son John was among the first settlers in Windsor, Conn,,—the far-west of his day, and had difficulties with the group that came down from Boston, (more of our ancestors) who wanted his land.

Young John was a notable go-between, in negotiations with the Indians. He became an officer in King Phillip's war, and two of his sons died of wounds received at that time. Young scions of the Moses family moved from Windsor to Simsbury. Much may be found concerning them and other ancestors, in the Histories of Simsbury, and in Zebina Moses' "Moses Family History." When Norfolk was the far-west, later on, their young folks were among the pioneers. Joshua Moses, (II) grandfather to Betsey, brought his bride, Abigail Terry, from Simsbury to Norfolk behind him on a pillion. Abigail's ancestor, Stephen Terry, was a pioneer to Hadley, Mass, and to Windsor, Conn. Two of his daughters were slain by Indians at Deerfield. His son John, next in our line, married Elizabeth Wadsworth, a sister of that doughty young Captain Wadsworth who carried off the Charter of Connecticutt and hid it in the "Charter Oak," during the historical conflict for its possession between the Connecticutt Assembly and Gov. Andros, the King's representative.

Four generations at least, of the Moses family lived in the old homestead at Norfolk, which still stands. It is on very high ground, and with a glass on clear days, the Sound is visible from it. Recently, our cousin Sadie Brown Scoville wrote that the State has bought the site, as a State Park, and will retain the old homestead on it." It is a typical New England house. To the left of the front hall is (or was) the "Painted Parlor." The walls are painted a conventional floral design upon a cream-colored ground. And in this room, it was told me by several, Halsey Hulburt made his proposal to pretty Betty Moses. It was not one of those spontaneous, awkward proposals, stammeringly blurted out; but carefully held in mind,—flowery and full of poetical allusions. It might have been lost to the world if Betty's sister Eunice and her fiancé George Brown of Brooklyn, had not had a premonition of coming events, and hid themselves in an adjoining room, naughtily listened, then joyously told the world.

Other relatives of Grandmother's visited us. Her niece and husband, Mr. and Mrs. Hiram Lawrence and two grown daughters, Clara and Susan, spent two or three winters in our home. Charlie,

Claude and Cliff were young men then, and those were gay winters, with many parties for the attractive young cousins from Connecticutt. The home had double parlors, well adapted to entertaining large companies. Little girls were not excluded from the parties, and I have a lively memory of the fun that prevailed. Our parents loved to have a houseful of relatives, and as a host, our Claude was a past-master. We had a memento on the wall, worked in cross-stitch, which these cousins presented, which made a deep impression:

"LOST

Somewhere between sunrise and sunset
Two golden hours
Each set with sixty diamond minutes.
No rewerd if offered,
For they are lost forever."

Grandmother's Cousin Theron Crissey has preserved in his History of Norfolk, a letter which Betty Hulburt, the bride, wrote to her sister soon after her arrival in Ohio. Alas, for all those letters which went into oblivion!

Westfield, Ohio, May 30, 1831.

Dear Sister:—

We arrived at Westfield the fourteenth day after leaving home, rather fatigued. We set sail from near Albany, Wednesday P.M. and arrived at Buffalo the next week Thursday. We were on the canal boat nine nights. The boat was very heavily loaded, and we made but slow advance. We took the steamboat at Buffalo Friday morning and landed at Cleveland Sabbath morning. From there hired a man to carry us to Westfield. It was said there was rising of five-hundred passengers with their baggage, besides fifteen or twenty horses in the boat. It was very stormy going up the lake, and the boat so loaded that I was obliged to have my chest and one of the boxes on the upper deck. The water soaked through one end of the box and wet my linen most through, my bonnet likewise. The cover to the Bible was dampened through, but I think not much injured. I was very seasick coming up the lake and for three days after I landed.

I like the country quite as well or better than I expected. Have not been homesick in the least. The wheat looks beautiful and promises a fine harvest.

They organized a Presbyterian Church here Tuesday, with twenty-seven members. It is not probable that they will have preaching much of the time. All the company I have had is my little white kitten, hopping about as lively as a cricket.

Adieu for the present,

BETSEY HULBURT."

In view of the fact that Betty grew up in a family of five brothers and five sisters, in a long established home and community, has it a plucky sound that she was not homesick in the least ?

On Thanksgiving day we used to go to Grandfather's for dinner. My memory of those days, is that it was always cold and snowy, and that we went in a sleigh, with a big buffalo robe, under which Dick and I snuggled down. When Aunt Julia opened the door, what delectable odors greeted us! The good smell of chicken pie, (baked in a milk-pan,—if you know what that is), mince and pumpkin pies, vegetables cooking, and coffee. The big boys could go outdoors and play in the snow, but we younger ones had to stay "out of the cold," growing hungrier and hungrier. Aunt Julia would be flying about, Mother and Grandmother helping, all with rosier cheeks than usual. Then, eventually, the happy moment would come when Grandfather would conclude grace, and we had a chance at the traditional New England Thanksgiving dinner.

It was a great privilege to grow up so near to these grandparents.

Ida Matteson at twenty

Regarded as closely resembling her mother

Chapter III

INCIDENTS OF THE EARLY FAMILY LIFE;

Ida Matteson Saner.

When Grandfather started West he expected to buy land in Michigan, but someone in Enfield wanted to send $30.00 to Mr. Harris, in Guilford. There were no banks in those times. So he went out of his way from Cleveland to deliver it. He liked it so much that he bought—I think it was—fifty acres, across from where the old house stands. Afterward Grandmother received three hundred dollars from her parents, and they bought thirty acres where the old home is. The house was built when Mother was about six. Mother, Hiram and Julia were born in the log house which was across the road, further west.

Grandfather always had family worship after breakfast, and when that was over he wound the old clock, which was on the wall, just high enough for him to reach.

In those days Grandmother was a spry little woman. She never seemed to care to go away from home very much. She always made salt-rising bread, and for that kind, it was good. They always went to church Sunday morning. Aunt Julia and Uncle Will sang in the choir. Mr. Varnum Noyes preached. He married Father and Mother. His sermons were all very theological, and I never knew any more after he finished than when he started. It was very dry, and children usually slept until it was over.

When I was about twelve, Father and Mother went to New York City. Claude and Cliff and I were taken care of at Grandfather's. Charley lived at Grandfather's then. Claude had the measles, then all the rest of us came down with it, including Uncle Will, who was very sick. Some of the boys were over it before I came down. I remember I was in the little room at the head of the stairs. I do not remember ever being sick in bed before.

Grandfather and Grandmother made a great deal of cheese. The west room upstairs they used to call the Cheese-room. I can remember when they had several rows of boards stretched the length of the room, all covered with cheeses. I have watched them

make it so many times, that although I was quite young when they discontinued making cheese, I believe I could do it if I had the stuff to make one. They had an immense tub that the curd was put over to drain. The evening milk was put into a boiler, and in the morning warmed, after it was skimmed, to be as warm as the morning milk which was added. Then rennet was put into it to curdle it. Grandmother had a long ladle that she used to cut it up. Then they put it into something to drain. Then she put it in the cheese-cloth cap, one of which she made every morning. After it was in the cloth it was put in a mold under a press, where it remained until it was a cheese, which was the next morning.

Aunt Julia always wanted to have a business,—be a milliner, but Grandmother said, when she told her what she wanted to do, "I can't get along without you." Grandmother was not strong, so they arranged it for her to stay with them. Dear Aunt Julia! She was a fine character.

I often think of Grandfather, what a fine, good man he was, and how good he was to his brothers who were younger. I had to be in Cleveland to be treated for mastoid trouble. Grandfather came to see me. He was about seventy then. I remember Mrs. George, with whom I was staying, said "What a dear old man!"

Uncle Will was very good to look at. I think he was eleven years older than I was. We were quite fond of each other. When I was about ten years old I wanted to give him a Christmas gift; but I had no money. I had some beads, so I made a frame, and drew threads to make a warp, and on this I drew in beads. With some colored ones I made anchors, and through the middle I put in "Uncle Will". It was what I thought a work of art. It certainly was work. I used to wonder why he never wore the *necktie* I had worked so hard at; but forgot about it after awhile, till one time I saw his two oldest boys playing horse with it. At least, he did not throw it away.

When Charley was a small boy, say five or six, he would run away to Grandfather's. He said he wanted to see the horses. Finally Grandmother said to let him stay there. So he did till he was nearly twenty. He was always fond of horses and not afraid of a wild colt. The neighbors would get him to break their colts. It worried Grandfather, for he was timid of horses, always wanted to drive slowly. Aunt Julia was the same.

The younger children, (Burt, Mary and Dick) may not remember all about the old home in which all were born except myself. When I was little, there was one of those old-fashioned beds, high enough to push a trundle bed under. At night it was pulled out and Charley and I slept there. I can't remember much about it, but Charley used to ask me if I remembered when we slept in the trundle bed. One morning there was quite a commtoion, for after the trundle bed had been pushed under the big bed, the tabby cat had kittens there. I can remember how Orrine Willey, who lived with us and helped mother, got them out with the tongs.

Father was a good provider. The cellar was full of all sorts of vegetables, and a barrel of pork and of corned-beef. Most people lived in that way, in those days. Father was a hunter and fisher. He liked it, and in those days there was much game. The Harrisville swamp was a good hunting place. He would go there and come home with his buggy full of wild pigeons, quail, squirrels and wild turkey. Mother used to salt them down to keep. I remember that once when he came back, he brought a large bird in and pulled out its wings, saying "See what a big turkey." It was an eagle. Mother used to use the grey breast feathers of the turkeys to make fur for the edge of our hoods. She stripped the feathers. It was very pretty.

Once Father brought home a Great Horned Owl alive. He tied it to something in the kitchen. Grandfather came in, and when he saw the owl he said, "Poor bird" and stroked its head. Quick as wink the owl bit his finger, and he could not get it out of the owl's beak. Father had to cut off the owl's head, to keep it from cutting off Grandfather's finger.

When Charley and I were little, I remember that in the morning Father would hold us while he put our stockings and shoes on, and tell us about Jack and the bean-stalk. I can remember how he used to say, "I smell the blood of an Englishman!" There was another thrilling story, but I can only recall "He got away with an old leather bag-tum, with all the money he ever had in his life."

In those days Father used to insure through the county, and was often gone until Saturday night. He carried a case with him of jewellery, watches and spoons. He would send old silver East to

be made up into spoons, which came back stamped on the back with his name. He gave some to his children. He brought home watches to be repaired, and had hooks on one window where he used to hang them.

I have a faint recollection of seeing Father leading a chorus, wearing knee breeches. I remember two "Old Folks' Concerts" which he led. In the first one he sang Yankee Doodle, and in the second, about the end of the war, he sang "The Kingdom's Coming." Mother, Aunt Julia and Uncle Will were in the chorus. Mother and Aunt Julia hunted up high tortoiseshell combs. I can see them yet. They were three or four inches,—perhaps more,—high, and towered up at the back of the head.

When Morgan invaded Ohio, Father took his gun and started; but when he reached Columbus, Morgan had gone back across the Ohio River.

Each summer Father would go to Litchfield when the roads were good. Mother and I went,—probably the others, too. Grandmother Matteson had a loom, and she was always weaving something. I remember too, that over the kitchen there were always butternuts. Charley and I went together to Grandfather Matteson's funeral about 1871. Uncle Jehial arrived about the same time from California. He and Father kissed each other. I never forgot it. They had not seen each other for many years.

Father used to lead the singing in church. I do not know how long it was Mother played the melodean in church. Mother had a nice voice, and sang with taste. I remember some of the songs she used to sing when I was small: Gentle Anna, Ah Willy I have missed you (Foster), The Battle Prayer, The Mistletoe Bough, The Haunted Stream, and others, the names of which I do not know. Mother loved to go to Musical Conventions through the County. The last one I remember was at Mansfield.

Mother loved to paint. It seems as if I always knew Maria Stanhope. It was after the war that she had a studio down town, and Mother and Aunt Julia went there to take lessons. At that time Mother had a good girl to take care of the house, and of Cliff,

who was quite small. She was a quadroon girl, with wavy, curly hair, not wool. Mother tried to paint portraits. She did one of Claude when he was quite small. She tried to paint one of herself, sitting before a looking-glass. She was not very well satisfied with it, so she put it away. Once while she was away Claude discovered it and we added a moustache. When she found it she was much disgusted with us.

Edward Noyes had a singing-class two or three winters in the Academy—afterwards the High School—to teach us to read music. When I was fourteen, Mr. Shaw, who was blind, had a singing class in the Methodist Church. He had several singing classes about the country and seemed to make a good living. His son Clement B. Shaw became a fine bass singer, who used to sing with Claude at concerts. He won a reputation as a bass soloist and as an Opera Critic in New York City.

When Father purchased the old home, he owned the land back to the road that leads west to Grandfather's. He soon sold the lot back of it to Mr. Wilcox, who built the house that still stands there. Between us and the house east of us, was a vacant lot. Once Father bought a small pig, which made its home in that lot. After that the lot was always called the "Pig lot." A Mr. Sam Smith lived in the house east. Before there was a railroad (which was built when I was eighteen,) this Mr. Smith kept a store and bought up country produce to take to Cleveland: butter, eggs, chickens, turkeys, ducks and geese. In the Fall he gathered in fowls, enough to fill up the "Pig lot." He asked the privilege from Father, telling him to help himself to a turkey when he wanted it. Claude and I thought it was great fun to hunt the goose eggs and fry them.

A Mr. Thompson lived back of us. Mother was very fond of Mrs. Thompson (who was a sister of Elder Freeman's wife.) There were several children in the family. The oldest was Alice. Her birthday was Feb. 29th. On coming to be sixteen she was to have a birthday party. Claude was about five years old at the time. He was very much excited about it, and wanted to go; but Mother said it was not a children's party. But he insisted, until Mother said "If you will wear Father's coat you may go." She

had no idea he would do it; but he was game. The coat came down to the floor,—imagine! I remember they said "he was the fun of the evening."

He was a bright little boy, and Mother used to teach him pieces to speak. One was

"On Linden when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow."

When the big boys who went to the Academy would go home from school, he would stand on the fence and speak for them. He put lots of fire into it and the boys made lots of him. I remember one of them was Charley Bessey, who lived on the old Hastings' place. He became a noted scientist, and was a professor in the University of Nebraska. I found his name in a *late* Encyclopedia. The big boys walked for miles to school. There were no paved roads then, and in the Spring and Fall roads were terrible.

Speaking of roads: Mother used to tell about a call our family doctor had one night, away out in the country. He had to ride horseback, the roads were so bad, When he reached the house he pounded the front door, but no one came. Meanwhile the couple had gone to bed in a room off the kitchen. The woman had a bad pain in the back, and told her husband to get some medicine off a shelf. He did so, and rubbed her back with it, not stopping to light a lamp. They went to sleep, and in the morning discovered that he had not found the right medicine, but a bottle of *ink*.

Brother Burt was born the summer before I was thirteen. I was very much disgusted because he was not a girl; but he was such a charming baby that I had to change my mind about him. I used to dress him, curl his hair and take him visiting. I remember taking him to see Mrs. Ficus, and she was quite amused. She said I was a regular little mother.

In the woodshed in the old house, there was a deep well which never had any water in because of quicksand. It might be a great find for some archaeologist a thousand years from now, for Mother threw all her trash and broken dishes into it. I remember old Mrs. Harris was cleaning out her house, and she and Wealthy came over with a bushel basket full of stuff they wanted to throw down in it, We all were warned about that old well.

Cliff was a little fellow when the Civil War was on. He became very sick, and all the Doctors had gone to war. We had to send all the way to Wadsworth for a Doctor Lyman. Cliff had scarlet fever. Most of his hair came out. Strange,—but none of the rest of us had it!

I remember some things about the Civil War, and can remember when the campaign was on for Lincoln, and the torch-light processions. I can remember about the boys who were brought home dead. Arthur Strong and Will Powers brought home dead, and Harrison Nye and Knapp Stokes, who came home to die. Orville and Henry Warren, who lived just across the street from us, went to the war. Orville was shot to pieces by a cannon ball and Henry was coming home on the Sultanon Steam boat from Vicksburgh. There were 2,000 Union troops going home in 1865, too many for the boat. The boiler exploded and 1,647 were killed, and more were wounded and burned. Henry Warren reached home. He was badly scalded. I recall that he was about the house all summer. One June morning John Caughey brought a bushel of black cherries to the house and wanted us to dry them for the soldiers. We all pitted cherries that day.

In the Warren home there were two girls near my age, and two older boys. Ed. was a great story teller, and used to tell the most blood-curdling stories of murders. But what made the greatest impression on me was the supernatural. I don't know what would have happened to me if I had been obliged to pass a cemetery at night. If I heard those stories after dark, I dreaded to go across the road to reach home. I would whistle to keep up my courage. Father heard me once, and told me never to do that again, and I heard that "Whistling girls and crowing hens, always come to some bad end." The Hosmer woods reached the fence back of the Warren lot. The boys Charlie and Ed. used to make maple sugar there. The sap starts to run as soon as there is any sign of Spring, sometimes by the last of February, and keeps on until the buds begin to sprout. Usually there was a lot of snow, and the boys had a little hut, where they boiled the sap. If

the weather got too warm they had to work all night to collect the sap, for it sours soon. We used to think it great fun to see them work, when the syrup was ready to make wax on the snow and to stir off into sugar. The dog loved the wax, and when the boys threw the wax on the snow, the dog would go after it when it was so hot that it would burn him. He could not get rid of it, for it was in his teeth, and the dog would howl,—the best he could under the circumstances. It was fun for the boys but not for the dog.

When I was a child there were two school houses in Seville; one on the South Street, and one just west of the Chippewa Creek bridge,—one house between. I went there till I was twelve. There were fourteen seats, and two sat in a seat. A stove stood in the middle of the room. My first teacher was Miss Delia Alden, who used to tell us she was a lineal descendent of John Alden. It failed to impress us, for we had not then read Longfellow's poem about John and Priscilla. The teacher I remember best was Miss Maggie Mills. The big boys thought they could do what they pleased; but Miss Mills surprised them by being rough, and taking them by the ear or the hair. She used to sing with Mother in the Musical Union. The teachers boarded around and we were always glad when Miss Mills came to us. In the winter we used to build snow forts, then choose sides. What battles we fought with snow balls! The Erie Railway was built while I went there to school. Seville was the only town then, where the workmen could get liquor, and they would lie dead drunk behind the school fence, to the disgust of the children. We threw things at them.

When the Railway was finished Father took Charley and Claude and me for a ride on it. We went to West Salem and back. That was our first ride on a Railroad.

People who live in cities and never take sleigh rides, miss a great deal in their youth; for there is nothing like riding in a big bob-sled, with deep straw in the bottom, with as many young folks as possible packed in. When I was about fifteen we went on such a ride to visit the Craven's, who lived near the Bostwick farm. They were hospitable people and it was a fine place to go. When we arrived, what was our

astonishment to see an immense young man there, nearly eight feet tall. It was Captain Martin Van Buren Bates, formerly of the Confederate Army. He was about twenty-two then. He enjoyed the young folks and played all the games with them. The Cravens had a brother who belonged to Barnum's circus, and he had brought the Captain there. The next afternoon the High School was very much surprised when Captain Bates walked in. I remember the Craveu's brother was getting pigeons and other white birds colored to go out with Barnum,—most of them bright magenta. The birds seemed quite surprised at their plumage, and were drawing their feathers out, in all directions. He and Captain Bates soon left for the East, and I never saw the Captain again until after he had been to England and married the Nova Scotia giantess Anna Swan. Later on I was giving piano lessons to Maude Craven, and one day found that Captain Bates and his wife were staying there. She was very much of a lady. They bought a farm just east of Seville, and spent their later life there. The Captain was a fine farmer. Many amusing incidents in Seville are connected with his residence.

Father and Mother used often to take us with them on visits. When I was twenty years old they took me to visit Father's uncle David Maydole in Norwich, N.Y. He was the inventor of the Adseye hammer, and had a large factory for the manufacture of them. He had a beautiful home. His sister Mrs. Totmon lived in Norwich. Uncle David had three daughters. One of them had just completed a new home, with bedrooms in suites, which impressed me. Mother had a picture of brother Burt, who was about six then. This cousin was much taken with Burt's picture, and proposed to Mother that we let them take Burt and bring him up, since she had four sons, and this cousin had no sons. It touched Mother very deeply, for afterward she told me of it, saying "The idea of giving our Burt away!" All the Maydole women I have seen were superior women and all seemed to be of the blonde type. Uncle David's daughters and Mrs. E. K. Young, who was a Fellowes, and Mrs. McKelvey, who was an Isbell.

After our visit to Norwich, we went to Monticello, in Sullivan Co, N.Y. to visit the Bushes, who were cousins of Grandfather Hulburt,—two families who lived on farms not far apart. One of them had a large house, with a fine view of what then seemed to

me to be mountains. Mother and Aunt Julia often spoke of these cousins, whom they had formerly visited. Anthony and Mary were in one family. Mary was Mrs. Curtis. We visited them in Callicoon. In the other family the father had died and a son William was trying to carry on the farm. He had a sister Catherine who taught in the Blind Asylum in New York City. From there we went to New York City to visit Mother's cousins George and Clifford Brown and the Lewises. Father could only stay a few days, and the cousins urged me to stay longer, which I did. I suppose I had one of "the times of my life" for Cousin Clifford took me to the Opera where I heard Christine Nillson, while Cousin George took me to many other places. We visited the cousin in the Blind Asylum.

How far away and dear our school days seem. I was in a Sunday school class of seven girls in the Presbyterian Church, for awhile. Our teacher was Mrs. Hampshire. She moved away from Seville, but all the girls staid except Eva West and myself. In 1916, when I was in Seville, this class had a reunion at Mary Noyes' home. Six of us were there, and we wrote to our old teacher about it, and afterward received a nice letter from her. In 1932 we all met again with Mrs. Dundas, who was Bell Crawford: Mary Noyes, Frank McDowell, Hattie Stoaks, Mary Chambers and myself. Today, 1938, I am the only one left.

There is not one person living who was at my wedding except brother Burt and the two babies, Mary and Dick. I remember that Mr. Chandler picked Dick up and brought him to us while we were receiving congratulations, and said solemnly to Lorin, "Allow me to introduce to you, your brother-in-law." I can see the twinkle, yet, that came into Lorin's eyes. How little I thought I would outlive so many that were there, that happy day. Mary thought it was a good chance to treat the visitors to rambo apples, so she went down cellar and brought up her white apron full of them. When she saw the preacher and the wedding party, she dropped the apples all over the floor, which rather broke up the tearfulness of the occasion.

Mary Hulburt Matteson (right)

Celebrates her Ninety-third birthday by a visit to an early school friend in Weymouth

Gathering of the Clans, 1915,

Mary, Charlie, Burt, Dick, Cliff, two children of Mary, and wife of Burt on the way to Thanksgiving dinner with Mother

Chapter IV.

MARY HULBURT'S MATURE YEARS.

Mary Matteson Wilbur

Our parents were no longer young when I began to know them. Some decided advantages accrue from being a younger child, where there are adorable big brothers,—and much interest from all the young women—; but the vivacious youth of parents is not one of them. It never troubled us, when we children, of course. It dawned upon me one day as I looked at Mother, how sweet and pretty she was, with her pink cheeks, bright hazel eyes, black hair, smoothly rolled back from a part in the middle, and her lovely sere e expression. What a glow filled my childish breast when a friend of hers prophesied, kindly but mistakenly, that I would look like my mother.

Reading Mother's memories reminds me of matters long forgotten, one of which was her dutiful endeavor to have me follow in her early accomplishment with needles. When she told me she started to make a dress at the tender age recorded, it filled me with awe. Quite a different emotion fills me now at the idea of compelling a child so young to sew. Before I was seven she started me on a "stint," which was to sew together two blocks of calico for a quilt. It implanted a dislike for sewing in me, that lasted for twenty-five years. With all the lovely out-of-doors calling, trees and grape-arbors to climb, chickens to chase and eggs to hunt, I had to push an odious needle through two odious pieces of cloth, wet with my rebellious tears. She gave it up after awhile. I was Number Six, and she had too many roaring boys to feed, to spend so much time on a reluctant pupil,—or, who knows but she remembered her own tears as she toiled with an equally odious needle? Some years later she took up her duty again and tried to teach me to knit. She started me on a wash-cloth of cotton yarn, —a task I liked even less. By that time the wide world,—Arabian Nights; Little Women,—had been added to the allure of the great out-of-doors. One of my liveliest gratitudes was to an elderly caller who took the knitting from me and added five inches to it—such a different color.—It was the last of that stint; Mother gave

that up, a decision helped, perhaps by retreats I had discovered from the incessant errands added to my usual duties by a gay domestic. These were two tall, conical evergreen trees on the lawn, not easy of ascent, but delightful of descent as a hay stack, with far more agreeable landing facilities; and a circular grape-arbor, where, high up in a leafy solitude, pleasantly adorned with luscious Concord grapes, I could mount my magic carpet and be in Bagdad or in whatever miraculous island harbored the Swiss Family Robinson,—a trip I made at least a hundred times. When I was older, willing to knit, Mother decided my time could be more profitably spent on music. She was herself so expert a knitter that she could knit a mitten in an evening while she read a book. During the World War, when she was over eighty, she knitted many pairs of socks for soldiers overseas, and nobody interfered with her method of doing it. She did fine crochetted work and embroidery also.

Other matters recalled by her memories are these:

Aunt Julia told me that when she and Mary and Hiram were little, they all slept in one trundle bed, which by day was pushed under their parents' bed. As the three lay in their bed at night, they composed stories. One was about the adventures of imaginary little people, to which they added a chapter, nightly. "Pity" is the only character I remember. Their father was of that imaginative Welsh stock which has given much romance, music and poetry to the world. His children carried love of music, and poetry through life. Mother composed several Occasional poems, which unfortunately are not available. One highly amusing one was written in the rythm of Hiawatha, mildly satirizing her husband for playing solitaire.

The moss houses were still in vogue among the girls of the school close to Grandfather's, which I attended during two summer terms with my cousin Flora Hulburt, when I was six and seven. The little girls would stake off a claim against the school-house, and lay out rooms with sticks or stones, and invent furniture of pads of green velvet moss, or bright colored stones,—to my vivid memory.

The house Grandfather built was ample for their lifetime together, of fifty-nine years, with five or six chambers, a parlor and a living room, used also as dining room, and a kitchen and pantry. It faced North, and was set among maple trees on a slight rise of ground. A magnificent old elm, east of the house, was the model for many drawings by Aunt Julia. Beyond that tree, the farm stretched out to join the land of Mr. Chapin, the friend from Enfield with whom Grandfather came to Ohio.

Mother modestly refrains from saying what her friends have told me, that she could spell down the county.

Father's recovery from "Bleeding at the lungs," seems a miracle at a time when cure for the disease was unknown. He was a powerfully built man of pioneer stock, and at the age of ten helped to make a home in virgin forest. He had a great tenor voice, which old people told me could be heard over a "ten-acre lot," in the days when political meetings assembled in such an area. He kept on singing, to which may be due that miraculous cure. He lived to be seventy-seven, with no return of pulmonary trouble.

What Mother so touchingly relates of Claude's invitation for dinner to Mother's old friends to celebrate her eightieth birthday, is characteristic of him. Edith was heart and soul with him in such entertainment. His attentions to the old were distinctive. The old adage :

> "The child that is born on the Sabbath day,
> Is blithe and bonny and good and gay"

might have been written to describe this child of Mother's, born as he was,—on the Sabbath.

Some of my earliest memories of my parents, was of the Sunday afternoon drives to visit Grandfather and Grandmother and Aunt Julia. Father would drive through the fertile rolling country by the direct route, and return by the other two sides of the Flatiron,—that being the name for the triangle of roads, which has its point in Stanhope Park on West Hill in Seville—along the quiet North and South road to the old Stage coach route from Cleveland to Cincinnati, which Mother mentions. Along this

route, I was told Washington Irving once rode, and stopping at the old inn for the night surveyed the creek and the hillside, and announced that the village ought to be named *Seville.* What quiet pleasure was in those drives. Dick cuddled up on Mother's lap and myself perched between the parents, or on a small stool on the floor of the buggy; all of us gazing at green woods or fields of amber wheat, or soft green fields of oats, or at shocks of corn in the purple haze of autumn. It is a route I can travel any moment, however far away. Then the warm welcome at Grandfather's, the "talk," the small attentions of apples or doughnuts.

Perhaps the earliest memory I retain is of Ida's wedding; of the new sky-blue cashmere dress, with soutache curlicues, braided on it; of the idea that all those people would like our rambo apples; the return with my white apron full of them, and the fright at seeing Mother weepy, and the minister praying over my sister and her friends standing in a row before the front windows,—a fright that sent the apples rolling in every direction.

Seville is a pleasant village, and Mother lived a busy life. There were holidays; Father liked to take her with him on trips. They went to the Philadelphia Centennial together, and brought back mementoes, and topics for conversation for years, from it. They often paid visits to friends and relatives. My first memory of accompanying them, is that Father drove through a covered bridge, very long and awe-inspiring. They spent six weeks in Iowa, visiting Ida and two uncles George and Alexander McDowell, and with the most delightful friend Mr. James Bell, and his equally delightful daughter Sarah,—and they took me. It was quite the most thrilling journey of my life, through the continuous forests of Northern Indiana,—now denuded—and across the Mississippi at sunrise, a picture that never fades. We had a forty mile drive in a wagon, from one uncle's home to the others. It took from sunrise till dark.

During Mother's young married life Seville was far from dull, with all her girlhood friends. In her age she loved it, and longed for it when away with a deep yearning. She used her musical gifts in the church, where for years she was the organist, while Father

was chorister. Many talented people lived in or near Seville, who used to assemble to sing oratorio and other choral masterpieces. One director who led them was Mr. Case, who survived till my time and was unquestionably the most inspiring leader with whom I ever sang. Lighterforms of song were enjoyed, also, for I once chose to sing, when we were giving the Cantata The Flower Queen, the solo of the Sunflower. When I told Mother she smiled, and told me that was the song she chose when her generation gave The Flower Queen.

What other activities enlivened the village may be gathered from the following letter written by Aunt Julia. She composed letters and copied them, to which fact is due the survival of this interesting letter:

Guilford, Medina Co., Ohio, July 18, 1870

"My Dear Cousin:—

"I have written so few letters of late, that an effort in that direction seems like quite an undertaking; but I suppose the sooner one returns to former practices, the sooner one will recover what little skill or dexterity one may have possessed. My health is better now than it has been for three years, so that I feel quite encouraged and almost hope I may be well again.

"Father is having a serious time of it. Since the latter part of February he has been seriously afflicted wi.h Rheumatism. He thinks it was occasioned by a fall. On the twentieth of February while crossing the street from the horse barn to the house, he hit his foot against something and fell on to his left arm. He paid but little attention to it for a week, when it had become so lame that he procured some liniment. It seemed to do no good. It became inflamed and swollen, spreading into both shoulders and right arm and hands, so that he has had the use of neither hand from the middle of March, until within a few days, he has managed to feed himself with a spoon. The swelling has gone from the hands, but the joints are so stiff that he cannot close them. About four weeks

since, the disease attacked his ankles and for several days he had the use of neither hand nor foot. He is now able to walk a little,—has tried various remedies, among them the use of an Electro Magnetic Battery, the whole charge of which was at first scarcely perceptible to him, which showed he was almost destitute of electricity. We also sent to St. Louis, Michigan, for some of the wonderful Magnetic Spring water, of which you have undoubtedly heard: but it is difficult to determine whether the various remedies do good or harm, or are of no effect. He feels very much discouraged and is fearful he will never recover the use of his hands.

"Uncle William and wife have just taken a trip to Michigan, called on the cousins Osborn there. You will probably get particulars from Sarah.

"I am frequently at Mary's; spent last Thursday, Friday and Saturday with her. Horace has gone on an Insurance trip to the Eastern part of the State to be gone several weeks. Ida is at Oberlin studying music at the Conservatory of Music there. Claude and Cliff have been to school for nine months and are now having a vacation and seem to be enjoying their vacation remarkably. Halsey Hulburt is a little, short chub of a fellow, with the largest head of any chap of his age in town. He does not seem to admire his name over much, but insists on being called "Burtie, for short."*

While last at Mary's we called on a goodly number of friends, among whom was Mrs. Stanhope. She commenced building herself a house last summer; did not finish the inside; intends to have it completed the coming autumn. It is of her own planning and she did much of the lathing, puttying and painting with her own hands. She has spent considerable time the past spring putting

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*Because of his early dislike of his name *Halsey*, due to perverse mispronunciation by other boys, he has always been called *Burt* in the family, Similarly Dick has never been called by his name, due to one of those circumstances that occur in family life. Being asked if I would like to see Mamma's dolly, (Christmas had just brought me a doll) I commented, on sight, "That's not a dolly; it's a little *Dick*." The only baby I had seen, bore that name. Although Father later named him for his favorite uncle, David Maydole, the name never "took." Our cousin, named for the same uncle, was called by his mother "Dole," so to us he is *Cousin Dole*.

out fruit trees, bushes and strawberries, and has made her a nice garden. She also has three old hens, for each of which she has built a house in the midst of her garden. She claims there is as much difference in the disposition and character of hens as is to be found in the human family. They have raised 25 chicks this spring and one is hatching her second brood of 17 eggs. I rally Maria about her family ties, which she takes goodnaturedly. I say to her: no more nice long visits from her, no more sketching and painting and studying of sky and landscape, and no more travelling abroad, —but the artist and author is held close to one little spot by the care of a house and garden. No, she could lock up the house and leave the garden to take care of itself, but by three old hens and 25 chicks and a prospect of 17 more..... Now, don't think me too silly ; I'm writing particulars to you, you see.

"Will has the principal management of the farm, and with the help of Charlie and a hired man, is nearly through with haying. As far as possible his "sticking plaster" retains about the degree of attachment as when you were here.

"A cheese factory has just been completed in this place. Cheese making commences two weeks hence. Judging from other factories I suppose it will be something of a test of the honesty of the people of the community, as the temptation to water and skim the milk seems to be more than some can withstand."

(Another fragment.)

"For a small place we have had quite a varied winter and spring. A singing convention was held here in the winter under the direction of Edward Noyes and Mr. Parson, closing with a concert, eighty singers assisting. Then we have a debating Club by which we have been pleasantly entertained. Ladies were admitted as members, to write, declaim or debate. Only one however, availed herself of the privilege of offhand speaking, and that one but seldom : but it gave us something to think of and talk of during the week. Many ladies carried their knitting work with them, so that if they must work, the meeting would be no hindrance. We had some good speakers, and some tolerable, and some who seemed to think the farther they wandered from the question in debate,

the safer they were. Besides, we have indulged in three courses of Geological lectures. The Spiritualists (Spiritualism has within two or three years taken something of a foothold in Seville,) proposed a course of lectures and as some were suspicious that it was a scheme to introduce "Speculative Infidelity" it was stipulated that there should be no religion connected with them. They sent for Prof. Whipple, who has been engaged in lecturing for nine years. He discarded miracles, taking the Pantheistic side of the Developement theory. His lectures were so concise, and so rapidly given that one had no time to turn back for second thought, but was forced to follow the speaker or lose part of the discourse. Even I became so interested that I had to send for some Geological books. In March he returned and gave another course. The people had thought and investigated, and by closely questioning the man, better comprehend him. Professor McCoy, teacher of the Academy, followed with a course of lectures, refuting,—to the disgust of the Spiritualists.

So, with the Musical Convention and the usual number of meetings and amusements, we have had a varied winter, to suit all tastes,—a lively winter for so small a place. The elements of mind have been in no danger of stagnation. The Professor has closed his school and his lectures and seems to be directing his energies toward hauling lumber and building a cheese factory. Also a flax mill is in process of building in the northern part of the village."

Seville was quick to seize upon the opportunity offered by the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle, to enlarge its intellectual life, by a four-year reading course which followed collegiate subjects. Mother read the books and met regularly with the group for discussion. She went to Chautauqua to receive her diploma, in the second class to graduate, and thereafter wore the insignia, a gold pin in the form of a book. She talked of her experiences at Chautauqua for years, so that to my childish mind Chautauqua seemed the hallway to Heaven. She brought back some Chinese slippers of orange brocade, and some ivory chopsticks. Together we would hold them experimentally in either

hand, and wonder how anyone could eat with them. She learned the trick some forty years later.

A great new interest came into her life, with Mrs. Stanhope, a niece of Judge Henry Hosmer, the first pioneer to Seville. She was an artist who, after her brief married life and widowhood came back to Seville,* and taught painting. Her landscapes in oil adorn many Seville homes. It was she who named my brother "Claude Lorraine." So this great window of the soul was opened for Mother and Aunt Julia, and eventually for Mother's children. Aunt Maria,—as she was to us,—taught all of us who would sit still long enough, to draw or paint. The most delightful picture we have of Mother is a daguerreotype of herself with Aunt Julia and Aunt Maria, each painting a picture at her easel,—Aunt Maria in a teacher-attitude. Great fun those three must have had. They went far afield for subjects for landscapes, as far as to eastern New York where Mother's cousins lived. The landscapes and portraits in our home were a product of that happy period.

Aunt Maria Stanhope was a great character. Everyone in Seville called her "Aunt Maria." She lived to be quite old and her place in Seville has never been filled. Mother sent me to her studio when I was about seven to learn to draw and paint, so that a brush is an earlier utensil to me than a pen. Many summer mornings I spent in her cool, leaf-shaded house, from which the smell of boiled linseed-oil was never absent. She set me tasks of copying, paying attention to me occasionally while she worked. It is alleged she thought it unprofitable to teach youngsters ; but to me it was immeasurably profitable, and greatly enriched my life. She never took me sketching, but painting in the open offered no difficulty when I desired to do that. As a system, compared with art-school, it had my warm endorsement. I wish every child who wants to draw might have it,—and what child does not ?

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*A record of Aunt Maria's marriage: p 749 Noble Genealogy: Maria (Joseph. Moses) Noble Stanhope. July 2, 1820 Westfield, Ohio, married Aug. 1860, Guy Stanhope in New York City, Oct. 29, 1800, son of March and Corinna Stanhope.

Some of my earliest memories of Mother are associated with beauty, to which she drew my attention; starry little myrtle blossoms under the windows; narcissus blooming beside our walk; verbenas she planted in the stone-ringed beds on the lawn, which became a riot of vari-colored velvet blooms before autumn; the loveliness of white lilacs, and of her favorite flower, the lily-of-the-valley; and sunsets, across the valley and wooded hills west of our home. I never see a rose-colored sunset, lined with gold, but it brings back the first sunset which she took me out to see, the hills all flooded with rosy light. Those ties of association with her strengthen as life goes on,—ties which we did not know were ties, that now help to fill the lack of her weekly letters: her preferences in flowers, poems, music, foods, the wide world of beauty, and most of all, sunsets.

Brother Dick has written in response to my request to send me his memories of Mother:

"When it comes to sending you my memories of Mother, in what can they be different from your own memories? We were there at the same time in the home, and we left at about the same time. We were home, summers, and have the same church memories: of the preachers Mr. Ward and Mr. Weatherby, and of the young people of that period,—all scattered. One great regret I have, that we could not have known Mother and Father when they were younger.

"Two outstanding impressions I have of Mother: one, that no matter what happened, she was never "fussed." If a half-dozen dropped in, it was all the same, 'You are welcome to what we have'; the other, is that if her heart had been gold, she would have given it away; she knew not the meaning of selfishness.

"The last winter she was with us, she stood in the front window and watched a snow storm, just a quiet, falling snow. It was Sunday morning. And as she gazed, she murmured, 'the beautiful snow,.....Dear Seville!' She was thinking of her church and her home. And whenever the snow falls quietly, without wind or bluster or squall, that, to me, typifies Mother."

Mother had certain characteristics which need maturity to appreciate. Pope wrote:

"Reason's whole pleasure, all joys of sense,
Lie in three words: health, peace and competence."

She had all of these: good health almost to the end of her ninety-five years; the peace of God in her heart, and competence to do her work without friction, and to meet emergencies. She was endowed with unusual strength from early childhood, and was active till late in life, knitting and making quilts when her eyesight already was failing. At ninety she would start off to church at a pace hard to keep up with, for a half block the spurt would last. She kept up a system of exercises till she was very old.

A serene peace was characteristic. It was based on a firm faith that God rules, and upon the sense of integrity that comes from following His commands. Every year she read the Bible through. When she was married at eighteen she was baptized into the Baptist Church, and for seventy-eight years she remained a loyal and energetic member of that one church. One of its ministers told me that he never, in his long experience, knew a member so faithful and dependable; that she lived up to The Covenant as nobody he had ever known. Some of her descendants have left the "faith of their fathers", so may not know that in the Baptist Church, Communion service is preceded by a Covenant meeting, at which the solemn vows of that searching document are renewed. Such vows for conduct as: "to be just in our dealings, faithful in our engagements, exemplary in our deportment; to avoid all tattling, back-biting, and excessive anger; to aid one another in sickness and distress" were carried out in her daily life. With her example before me, it has ever been to me an astonishment and offense to hear "tattling and backbiting."—and I might add, any other meanness. One of her kindly deeds was toward our aged neighbor Mrs. Harris. She complained that it was so hard to have nothing to do, so Mother took material for sheets to the old lady to sew together and hem, repaying her with material for two sheets for herself. It was Wealthy, her daughter, who said, after Father sold the house on the hillside and we moved nearer to town, "The days are so long

and lonesome without any Matteson boys going by, whistling."

Mother's peace was in the home. My mind reverts to long winter evenings of my childhood about the great open fire, the excess heat of which warmed the chambers above. No bugbear of "homework" invaded that peace,—teachers being adequate. I would sit in my "eight-year-old chair," which Father brought me from Cleveland,—much travelled, now,—with the cat on my lap, or Gyp, the rat-terrier who shared for many years our fireside, while I read Huckleberry Finn or Old Fashioned Girl, or about Cave dwellers. Father would be reading the Cleveland paper, Mother would be studying the current C.L.S.C. book, and the others, busy with magazines or books. The Youth's Companion was always in use, as may be inferred from the fact that Dick, before he could speak plainly, demanded of his big brother Burt: "Bogie, whe's oo *Hoosem Panie*?" Silence, peace and well-being prevailed,—Mother's peace. About nine o'clock a boy would descend to the cellar and bring up a pan of apples, or on Sunday, produce a dishpanful of buttered popcorn,—a tradition faithfully followed by children's children. A sobering contrast to that cozy fireside happened one night. Snow lay two feet deep outside, crackling cold. A knock came at the door and Father went to open it. Outside stood three men, the town Marshal and two others. The Marshal said, "These tramps want to know if they can sleep in the calaboose?" Father was mayor at the time. I recall the minute of silence, and the bright, eager eyes of the tramps as the light fell on them, before Father said, slowly with an odd inflection: "Yes, it's all right. Go and lock them up," and the glad exclamation the tramps made as they capered energetically away through the drifts.

Emergencies to test Mother's peace and competence were not infrequent. We three younger children had, in three successive fortnights, a virulent form of measles. My fortnight was a blank, until, in the darkened room I heard Mother's voice, queerly tremulous, ask "Is there anything you would like to eat, Mary?" A chocolate drop was what occurred to my mind; but when Burt appeared with some, they tasted like no chocolate drop in the

world. Six weeks of that for Mother.

One summer the Teacher's Institute met in Seville and we entertained two Superintendents and four young women teachers from Wadsworth,—one of whom, Edith Stevenson, later married our Claude, and became a permanent member of our family. Our house had six bedrooms, but Ida was spending the summer, with her two small sons, beside the usual family. As a housewife, I wonder where the boys slept. There were a few sofas; but if cots were put up, no signs of them remained when the breakfast table for fifteen was spread. Mother never was hurried or flurried, or out of temper. One of the guests, Mr. Thomas, a man of much charm, once answered Mother's inquiry whether he slept well, by saying smilingly, "Very *sweetly*, Mrs. Matteson," alluding to the fact, unknown to her, that her naughty sons,—not, I think, uninspired, —had put granulated sugar in his bed. I believe that Institute lasted two weeks.

Another of those emergencies happened when we were about to move into the new house Father had completed. One morning, word came from Burt at Oberlin that he was bringing two of his classmates home to spend the Christmas holidays. Simultaneously came a telegram from Marietta, that our cousin Clara Lawrence was coming to visit us, bringing her aunt. Nobody seemed perturbed, but entirely pleased at the prospect. By night, when the guests arrived, carpets were down, beds were up, furniture was in place, pictures were hung, and a meal was ready. How it was accomplished remains to me an unsolved mystery, except that Claude staid at home from his office that day, and some relation to meals and marketing was assigned to me. The more experience I have with housekeeping the more I marvel at that feat.

Next morning, Ernest Matter, Burt's room-mate, who was six feet and two inches tall, greeted Mother gratefully, "Mrs. Matteson. I never slept in a bed long enough, with bedding long enough, till last night."

Mother was competent also, emotionally. When it was decided that we would go to Japan for three years, with our two small children, she was seventy six—yet she made no objection or

lament. When Claude drove up with his dashing team to take us to Creston for the first stage of our long journey, she gave us such a smiling farewell, as if we were merely returning to Dayton. Fifteen years later, when it was much harder for us, and doubtless for her, as we returned to China, she bade us a serene goodbye ; at Creston—that time, standing with Ida, their arms intertwined, gazing up at our train.

It would be a mistake to say there were no exceptions to Mother's competence. There was the matter of overcoming the lethargy of the boys in the morning. Once after about the fifth call Mother added plaintively: "Your poor, old father is out chopping wood." This remains one of those family jokes that never fails to arouse mirth, when any two members meet,—indeed, it is valid in solitude, ten thousand miles distant ; for he was not old, and he was not poor, in any sense, and nobody could conceive of his chopping wood unless he wanted to, with four able sons abed, who arose with alacrity if he but spoke up the stairs. Then, there was the matter of raisins and cut-loaf sugar. Cookies and doughnuts were hopeless ; Mother never tried to control the consumption of those ; but she needed raisins and cut-loaf sugar on hand. She found and kept a refuge inviolate for over a year. But in one of those Emergencies, she despatched a son to a drawer for table-napkins. The pantry was square, with china closets and drawers on two sides. When he opened the drawer, his bright eyes fell upon a stray raisin, and he pulled out the drawer and revealed in the hidden corner, a cache of raisins, sugar and other goodies, for which many a still-hunt had been made. She never found another secure place.

Mother must often have been weary, in spite of health and such help as we afforded her, especially after those emergencies. She had help when the children were little, but it grew increasingly hard to find, and the house was large. She had compensations : always Aunt Julia, until late in life, and seven children who looked to her as the source of all good, all of whom lived to honorable maturity. If any friction occurred among them, I never heard of it. The deepest affection existed, always non-interference and

mutual respect for personality among us. No better gift our parents ever gave to us than our many brothers and sisters. They brought a life-time of love and fun and laughter to us all. Music, Mother nearly always had in the home. We learned to sing, listening to her. Gradually she relinquished the piano, except to accompany her songs. Some of them are indelibly fixed in my memory: Flee as a Bird, Allen Percy, The Mistletoe Bough, The Haunted Stream, Eulalie, Juanita. Her children in turn brought music to her. When Ida visited us she made Chopin and Beethoven familiar, and she coached Claude in singing, so that Schubert's Serenade, the Il Trovatore solos, and many others were our frequent delight, never to be dissociated with those times. Ida and her friends inspired Claude to do solo work when he was quite young, beginning, I have heard, with that rollicking song, The Mulligan Guard:

"Our Captain's name was Hussey, a Tipperary man,
He carried his sword like a Russian duke,
Whenever he took command."

Claude became proficient with the cornet, and to Mother's obvious pride, led the excellent Seville band for some time. He laid the cornet aside, thinking it injured his voice. His was a high-baritone voice, and he sang with that intangible quality called *Sympathy*,—the essence of vitality, imagination, deep emotion and high character. He sang for love of song and of people. He has been known, when asked to sing at a distant funeral, to employ extra help to do required work, in order to serve, in that time of need. He was chorister for thirty-three years in the church. For at least twenty years he was second-tenor in an amateur male quartet, widely known throughout our region. The basses varied, but Claude and Ben. Wells, who had a phenomenal lyric tenor voice, were always members. During the early years of the combination, our home was the place for practice, at the time when Ben Wells lived in Creston, and George Boult and Terry Hastings lived in Medina. When they practiced, Mother did not knit or sew; but listened, drinking in the grand harmony of those men's voices, with radiant attention.

Whether it gave her satisfaction that her sons played base-ball with some distinction I often wonder. Cliff and Fred Taylor kept alive the Seville Baseball team, and actively participated for more years than is believable. Cliff quit at fifty. And her youngest son is unforgotten for his part on the University of Michigan nine, in his day, when that team was Champion of the West. Mother herself, nor any member of her family I know, ever played games.

After her children began to leave home, she had their weekly letters. She seldom missed a week, writing to us. Claude and Cliff spent their lives in Seville, so she had the comfort of their presence. She had her sister Julia with her for many years. Some, if not all of us, gathered around her in summer, and often with friends to visit us. Cousin Dole, whose boyhood was spent in California, spent part of several summers with us. He became as another son to our parents and a brother to us all. There were many happy family reunions throughout Mother's lifetime. Outstanding events were family weddings or the receptions when a son brought home a bride to be welcomed ; the Golden Wedding, when the friends of our parents, young and old, gathered about them ; Thanksgiving days and Christmas when we came home. The last Thanksgiving day I had in the old home, was in 1915, when we were at home from China, and the brothers and their wives came from Chicago, Adrian and Youngstown to celebrate this, the greatest Home Day of all. The turkey was contributed by Cora, Cliff's wife, who was a notable cook. I have a picture of the brothers bringing home the turkey, piping hot in the iron roaster, swaddled up within a clothes-basket. Aunt Julia and Mother beamed upon us, a little wondering at our effervescence over being once more together with them, at home. But even the lesser reunions when the nearby brothers, with their families would come for dinner with Mother, are memorable. Such a gay, laughing crowd, for such a self-contained mother. After dinner the sisters-in-law would adjourn with us to the kitchen to wash the china, while the "boys" fore-gathered to tell stories. It could not always have been sunny on those days : but my recollection is always of a kitchen full of sunshine. There was never any Mother-in-Law problem in our

family ; respect for personality was implicit, with our mother.

Mother's middle life was singularly free from sorrow. Her parents lived to great age. She was seventy when Father, after painful illness, died, and was carried to his grave by his five sons and his son-in-law. Aunt Julia was with her for fourteen years after Father's death, during which period Claude attended to her affairs. The first grief for a child came in 1913, when Claude, in the prime of manhood, suddenly died,—her lifelong pride and joy. After that, life was not so happy. She was imposed upon by unprincipled men, in such ways as borrowing her utensils and never returning them, Sometimes she had friends living with her, and sometimes she spent the winter with her children who lived away, until Ida came to live with her. Ida was better able to cope with the meanness of men.

But she was not a feeble old lady ; quite the contrary. She spent the winter and spring of 1923-24 with us in Dayton, when we took our furlough there. She seemed to enjoy greatly our friends, and the First Baptist Church, with its fine pastor Dr. W. H. Geistweit. Audiphones were provided in the front seats for those whose hearing was dim. The church was more than a mile from our house, and she was ninety ; but neither distance, cold, nor icy weather were to her any deterrent from attendance. She found it hard to understand why, when it was icy, I did not wish to take her to church. She would have no perquisites of age. We had guests one night for *gyunabe,* a Japanese meal. We provided a fork for her : but would she use it ? Not a bit,—when others were struggling with chopsticks. At ninety she learned to eat with chopsticks.

From chance remarks she made, I believe she felt disappointment not to develop further her artistic and mental gifts. Father said he married his brightest pupil. The satisfaction she derived from seeing her children develop gifts she transmitted and helped to train, could not satisfy that urge. Her children and the home-making constituted her limitations. She chose, and it remains for us to justify her choice. On the other hand, those who develop

their gifts ro the exclusion of family ties, have a lonely old age. Few women of this generation will be carried to their graves by their sons and grandsons. Her abiding "good works" are her descendants. She transmitted to us a heritage which becomes our sacred trust to pass on to our children. She, herself was the "good work" of many stainless lines of ancestry. Local and family histories from Governor Bradford on, hold records of her ancestors; but no others I find, than of pioneer courage, high honor, Christian character and full responsibility toward the community life.

Our Mother lived to be nearly ninety-six. She died after a short illness in what had been home for forty-one years. The funeral was delayed for my arrival; for she died while I was at sea. All the others were there, including Cousin Dole. In that lost sense of being cut adrift, with Mother gone, what a help we were to one another! She looked peaceful, saintlike, happy, with her soft white hair and draperies; her face had fallen into classic contours, of which sagging age had robbed it. I was glad it was the time of lilies-of-the-valley, so I could put some in her hand. In the church, the casket borne by her sons and grandsons, stood before the pulpit and baptistry, where seventy-seven years before she had been baptized into membership; surrounded by flowers from those who loved her; in the presence of friends from near and far, to whom for years she had been the representative of their own lost mothers; with music from the choir in which for nearly all of those years, she or her family had given the ministry of song, and from the pipe-organ bequeathed by her loved friend Mrs. Abner Bostwick, the organist of which was Edith's niece Irene, who had been trained from early childhood in music. I love to recall her face, as she lay there, beautiful with a serene grandeur.

Her own "boys" carried her to rest in the Mound Hill Cemetery, in the bright May sunshine, beside her husband, near to the graves of her parents, of Hiram and Julia, of Claude, and her early friends, —a type of those who surround her in the heavenly home, young,

happy, eternally free from care and old age, with those she loves.

Forever enshrined she remains, in the love and gratitude of those she left behind, linked by memories that remind us of her, hour by hour, and by the belief that of all love, a mother's "love never faileth."

Kipling's L'Envoi, unfailingly brings thought of Mother. One cannot conceive of her as "sitting down for an aeon or two" nor as choosing "to paint on a separate star," nor that she would care to

"Splash at a twelve league canvas,
With brushes of comet's hair."

but it is entirely conceivable that she and her dear Julia and Maria might delight to

"Paint for an age at a sitting,
And never grow weary at all."

"Life changes all our thoughts of heaven,
At first we think of streets of gold,
Of gates of pearl and dazzling light
Of shining wings and robes of white,
And things all strange to mortal sight.

But in the afterwards of years,
It is a more familiar place:
A home, unhurt by sighs or tears,
Where waiteth many a well known face,
With passing months it comes more near,
It grows more real from day to day;
Not strange or cold, but very dear,
The glad Homeland, not far away,
The place where we shall find our own.
And as we think of all we knew,
Who there have met to part no more,
Our longing hearts desire home too;
With all the strife and longing o'er."

EROWNING.

THE BAPTIST COVENANT.

Having been led, as we believe, in the Spirit of God, to receive the Lord Jesus Christ as our Saviour, and on the profession of our faith, having been baptized into the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Spirit, we do now in the presence of God, and this assembly, most solemnly and joyfully enter into the Covenant with each other by the aid of the Holy Spirit:

To walk together in Christian love, to strive for the advancement of this Church in knowledge, holiness and comfort; to promote its prosperity and spirituality; to sustain its worship, ordinances, discipline and doctrines.

To contribute cheerfully and regularly to the support of the ministry, the expenses of the Church, the relief of the poor and the spread of the Gospel throughout all nations.

To promote family and secret worship of God; to educate our children according to the Gospel of Christ, and to seek the salvation of our kindred and acquaintances.

To walk circumspectly in the world; to be just in our dealings, faithful in our engagements and exemplary in our deportment.

To avoid all tattling, backbiting and excessive anger; and to endeavor by example and effort to win souls to Christ.

To watch over one another in brotherly love; to remember one another in prayer; to aid one another in sickness and distress.

To cultivate Christian sympathy in feeling and courtesy of speech; to be slow to take offense; but always ready for reconciliation and mindful of the rules of our Saviour to secure it without delay, according to Matthew 18-15, following.

And may the God of peace, who brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus, that great Shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant, help us to keep this covenant with each other, even as He keeps His covenant with us, through Jesus Christ our Lord, and make us perfect in every good work to do His will, working in us that which is well pleasing in His sight, through Jesus Christ, to whom be glory for ever and ever, Amen.

A corner of Mother's Sitting Room, on the occasion of her Ninetieth Birthday

LINEAGES AND FAMILY HISTORY.

Lineages have their peculiar value; they give one a sense of responsibility not to fail the good ancestors who worked so courageously to create homes in the wild regions of America, and to light the fires of freedom, and to keep the light of Christianity aglow wherever they went. Lineages open up new vistas of history.

These lineages which follow came from a number of sources. Early my interest in them was awakened, and I began to collect them from our immediate ancestors and their relatives and their family Bibles, and such Family Histories as were available; later, I began to search church and cemetery records, town and county histories, and works devoted to genealogy. The sources are found in the Newberry Library of Chicago, the Library of Congress, the Library of the Daughters of the American Revolution, the Public Libraries of Boston and New York, the Rhode Island Historical Society Library of Providence, and the Ohio State Library at Columbus.

The lists are copied as kept in my record book, Bailey's Family Ancestral Record, which is the best arrangement for the purpose which I have found.*

Sufficiently baffling problems of our ancestry remain unsolved. They are stated, and some results of research are given for a basis of investigation. Any help on them will be welcome. The vacant pages are an incentive to research, and the satisfaction of filling one is great. If all were solved, what would be left for others to work upon? Who knows what latent flair for genealogical research may exist among the younger members of the family. Early Bible records of the families who scattered into the Far-west of each generation would hold the answers to many a prayerful search. All the priceless family letters of the past, where are they? A hint to young searchers: elderly relatives are rich repositories of desired information.

May your investigations be fruitful,

Mary Matteson Wilbur,
(Mrs. Hollis A.)
2102 Sunnyside Ave., Chicago.

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*Frederick W. Bailey, 33 Harvard St., Worcester, Mass.

THE HULBURT AND MOSES LINEAGES.

Comprising :

Hulburt (Hulburd) Burr, Pease, Parsons, Howard, Allen, Browne (Peter Browne line), Baysee, Marshall, Barber, Gillett, Phelps, Drake, Wilton, Hosford, Thrall, Griswold, Dover, Loomis, Moore, White, Chandler, Osborne, Eggleston, Talcott, Oldage, Cummings, Abbot, Brewer, Alcock.

Moses, Browne (Richard Browne line), Terry, Brook, Thrall, Gunn, Keeney, Dike, Tilton, Shaw, Sawyer, Hills, Colfax, Gridley Roby, Wadsworth,

HULBURD-HULBURT

William Hulburd, 1611-1694 came from England to Dorchester, Mass, 1630, made Freeman 1632 at Windsor, Conn., at Hartford 1636, later at Northampton, Mass, 1655. Married Anna, widow of Samuel Allen of Windsor, Conn.

The name Hulburd was continued to the time of the three brothers Halsey, William and Daniel, who decided that since the name was pronounced Hulburt, they would so spell it. The tradition of the family is that it originated in Wales.

No Family History of the Hulburt Family was available during my last visit to the United States. Both Mother and Aunt Julia put considerable money into a proposed Hulburt Genealogy; but the elderly person who was working upon it died before it was ready for publication, to their great disappointment.

HULBURT (Hulburd)

William Hulburd b. 1611, Wales d. 1694 Res. Dorchester, Windsor and Northampton	Married Children John 1652 *William* 1654 and 5 other sons.	..... 2nd Anna, wid. Saml. b. . Ailen d.
William Hulburd b. 1654 d. 1734 Res. Enfield, Conn.	Mar. *Obadiah*, the 7th son, 1703 Wm. 1698, Benjamin.	1st 2nd, Mary Howard b. d.
Obadiah Hulburd (I) b. 1703 d. Res. Enfield, Conn.	Mar. Oct. 12, 1729 Ch. (not sure of order) Eleanor Hiland 1752 Eliphalet, (ances. Myron T. Herrick) *Obadiah*, 1738-1814 Tryphena Ebenezer 1754	1st Love Parsons, dau. Philip and Anna b. June 9, 1712 d. 1744
Job 1750		2nd Esther Colton, d. Dec. 15, 1744, dau. Josiah and Marg. Pease Colton mar. 1709
Obadiah Hulburd (II) b. 1738 d. Mch. 1814 Res. Enfield, Conn.	Mar. Aug. 28, 1766, at Enfield Ch. Jane, 1768 d May 14, 1846 *Obadiah* Mch. 9, 1769, Mch. 17, 1814 Hannah Mch. 11, 1771, Nov 16, 1850 Nancy May 10, 1773. Sept. 25, 1840, Mar. Calvin Bush	Jane Pease b Aug. 13, 1743 Enfield d. July 12, 1826
Sibyl, Mch 16, 1775 m. Daniel Bush Mary, July, 1777 Dec. 22, 1800		Tryphena, Oct. 12, 1783 Eleanor June 29, 1788 d. Oct. 14, 1848
Obadiah Hulburd (III) b. Mch. 9, 1769 d. Mch. 17, 1814 Res. Enfield, Conn.	Mar. Apr. 22, 1805 Ch. *Halsey* Jan. 27, 1806, Daniel Apr. 23, 1808, Aug. 24, 1885 William Dec 20, 1810, May 5, 1875	Rachel Burr b. Aug. 31, 1778 Norfolk d. Feb. 7, 1813
Halsey Hulburt b. Jan. 27, 1806 Enfield d. Mch. 3, 1890 Westfield Res. Westfield, Tp. O.	Mar. Mch 24, 1831 Norfolk Ch. Julia Moses Apr. 8, 1832 d June 16, 1916 *Mary* Sept. 25, 1833, Apr 27, 1929 Hiram Moses Nov. 10, 1835, Oct 13, 1848 Obadiah Oct. 21, 1837, Jan. 20, 1841	Betsey Moses b. Oct. 1, 1805 Norfolk, d. Sept. 16, 1898 at Westfield
Rachel Burr May 28, 1840, Feb. 19, 1850 William Apr. 16, 1842, Jan. 1929		Eleanor 1844 Feb. 11, 1850 Obadiah Mch. 13, 1846, Mch. 1849
Horace Elias Matteson b. Oct. 11, 1826, Freetown, N.Y. d. Apr. 24, 1904 Seville, Ohio Res. Seville, Ohio	Mar. June 9, 1853 Westfield Ch. Ida Mozelle (Lorin S. Saner) Charles Fremont Claude Lorraine Clifford Virgil Halsey Hulburt Mary Irene (Hollis A. Wilbur) David Maydole	Mary Hulburt b. Sept. 25, 1833 d. Apr. 27, 1929 Seville

"Benjamin Burre, founder of the Hartford Branch of the Burr Family, was an original settler of Hartford, 1635. He served in the Pequot War, 1637. His home lot in the distribution 1639-40 was on the East side of the road to the cow-pasture, afterward called Burr St., now North Main St. He was first of the name in Connecticutt, of Burre in America. Three branches are supposed to be founded by three brothers, a claim supported by the coat of arms of all being alike or similar.....Benjamin may have come in Winthrop's fleet. His name is on the Monument erected by The Ancient Burying Ground Association of the Central Congregational Church. His will, dated Jan. 2, 1677, was witnessed by Wm. Pitkin. His descendants were farmers, manufacturers, business men—'solid men'" (Family History, Burr).

"Samuel Burr (1629-1682) was a man of energy and business ability, and left estate of £ 542 distributed to his children as follows:.....They were all minors at the time of his death and by provision of his will they were to possess the property as they came of age. Inventory offered in Court Oct. 5, 1682; Stephen Hopkins and Thomas Cather, Administrators." (Family History).

"On the tombstone of Ebenezer Burr (1712-1794) of Norfolk, in Center Cemetery is inscribed "He shall come to his grave in a full age, like as a shock of corn cometh in in his season." He was one of the original settlers and proprietors of Norfolk, his home and farm being just at the S. E. of the meeting house green. He was one of the Committee of Proprietors to secure town privileges and the preaching of the gospel in Norfolk. He was the first Town Treasurer, elected 1758-1763. For him the high hill S. E. of the green was called Burr Mountain (Now Crissey Hill). "History of Norfolk, Crissey)."

The History of the Burr Family shows the Burre Crest. The family was of French origin.

(Hulburt-Burr line) BURR

Benjamin Burre b. d. Mch. 31, 1681 at Hartford Res. Hartford, Conn. 1636	Married Ch. *Samuel* 1629 b. England Thomas Jan. 16, 1645 in Hartford Mary, Jan. 15, 1656 m. Jno. Clark of Windsor, Conn. Hannah m—Hillyer of Windsor	Anna b. d. 1683
Samuel Burr b. 1629 England d. Sept. 29, 1682 Res. Hartford	Mar. Ch. Samuel, 1662 *John* 1670 Mary 1673 Elizabeth 1675 Johnathan 1679-Jan. 1, 1735	Mary Baysee dau. Jno. and Eliz. b. d.
John Burr b. 1670 in Hartford d. 1741 Res. Farmington, Conn. in 1712	Mar. Ch. *Ebenezer*, 1712-1794 Thankful 1713 Lucy bp. Mch. 21, 1714 Gideon bp. Nov. 16, 1715 Stephen Nodiah Nathaniel d. 1822 Sarah m. Jos. Gillett Eunice m. Samuel Case Miriam m. Nathaniel Case Thankful Salmon Sept 25, 1724	Sarah b. d.
Mary June 14, 1729 Ruth Oct. 26, 1732 Amos June 25, 1734 John May 1726, Aug. 6, 1785		
Ebenezer Burr b. July 9, 1712 in Farmington d. Mch. 12, 1794 ae 82 Res. Norfolk, Conn.	Mar. June 10, 1740 Ch. Ebenezer, Aug. 8, 1741 Oliver, Feb. 27, 1743 Lucy, June 30, 1745 *Daniel*, Feb. 24, 1747 Aaron, Oct. 28, 1750	1st Hepzibah Brown b. Jan. 19, 1712 d. July 13, 1772, dau. Cornelius Brown of Windsor, a sister of Titus Brown.
		2nd Reliance Washburn, d. Nov. 4, 1778
Daniel Burr Feb. 24, 1747 d. Feb. 25, 1808 Res. Norfolk, Conn.	Mar. Oct. 7, 1773 Ch. Lucy, July 5, 1774, Apr. 12, 1852 Betsey June 16, 1776 *Rachel* Aug. 31, 1778, Feb. 7, 1813 Daniel, May 16, 1781, Apr. 29, 1837, Otsego Co., N.Y. Mary, Sept. 20, 1783, May 28, 1844, m. David Gaylord Susan, July 13, 1785, May 10, 1861 unm. Ruby, May 2, 1789, Jan. 16, 1866, m. Anson Norton	Betty Brown b. May 15, 1753 d. Feb. 20, 1832
Lucy m. Benj. Warren and lived in Wellington, Ohio, parents of the Warren Cousins, Dr. Harriet, Frank and Walter Warren.		Ebenezer, Nov. 30, 1791, Jan. 16, 1855, Norfolk Silas, Sept. 19, 1794, Sept. 8, 1866 Norfolk Eunice, Jan. 14, 1797, m. Benjamin Crissey of Norfolk
Obadiah Hulburd	Mar. Apr. 22, 1805, at Norfolk	Rachel Burr b. Aug. 31, 1778 d. Feb. 7, 1813

Peter Browne (I) came from England in the Mayflower in 1620 and was a signer of the Compact. Later pages are given to this Peter. His tombstone may be seen in the Plymouth Cemetery. He had two wives, Martha Ford, a widow who came in 1621 on the Fortune, and a second wife Mary, whose surname is not authenticated, to my knowledge; but Hard, has been found in one reference. Peter made his residence in Duxbury around the bay from Plymouth after some years in Plymouth, till his death in 1633.

Peter Brown (II) removed from Duxbury to Windsor, Conn. about 1650. He doubtless knew young John Moses (II) who had preceded him there, from Duxbury. He married Mary Gillett, and became father to twelve children, all of whom were said to have attended his funeral. Interesting references are found of him in Windsor Histories, in connection with others of our ancestors. His son John (Rev.) was the grandfather of that Capt. John Brown of the Revolutionary War, (the inscription upon whose tomb in Canton, Conn. is given on a later page) whose grandson was John Brown of Harper's Ferry.

Peter Brown's (II) fourth son was Cornelius, whose sons, Titus and Cornelius, were the very first settlers of Norfolk, Conn. in 1744. Deacon Cornelius, he is called in the records.

Titus Brown responded at the age of 62 to the Lexington Alarm 1775 and served five days. He served in the 9th Conn. Militia in 1776 and 1777 as a private, for a year and a half. His grand-daughter Eunice Burr (Mrs. Benjamin Crissey) has descendants living in Norfolk. Her son Theron Crissey wrote the History of Norfolk. Her daughter Olive married Plumb Brown, our grandmother Hulburt's cousin, their children thereby becoming our double cousins: Edmund, Benjamin, Sarah, Plumb and Mabel Brown.

(Hulburt-Burr line) BROWN

Peter Browne b. England d. 1633 Res. Plymouth, Mass	Mar. Ch. (1st wife) Mary Priscilla (2nd wife,) John *Peter* 1632	1st Martha Ford, widow 2nd Mary Hard (?) b. d.
Peter Brown II b. 1632 d. Mch. 9, 1691 Res. Windsor, Conn. cir. 1650	Mar. July 15 1668 at Windsor Ch. Mary May 2, 1659 Hannah, Sept. 29, 1660 Abigail, Aug. 8, 1662 Hepzibah, Nov. 19, 1664 Peter, Mch. 12, 1667 John, Jan. 8, 1669 (Rev.) Johnathan, Mch. 30, 1670 *Cornelius*, July 30, 1672 Esther, May 22, 1674 Isabel, June 9, 1676 Deborah, Feb. 2, 1679 (Hosford) Sarah, Aug. 20, 1681 (Jno. Moore)	Mary Gillett b. d.
Cornelius Brown (Deacon) b. July 30, 1672 d. Res. Windsor, Conn.	Mar. Dec. 14, 1701 Ch. Abigail, Sept. 6, 1702 Rachel & Mabel Nov 24, 1704 Cornelius, May 1, 1707 Hildah, Nov. 19, 1709 Hepzibah, Jan. 19, 1712 *Titus*, Nov. 11, 1714-1802 Elizabeth, Oct, 1, 1717 Aaron, May 31, 1725 Jan. 1747	Abigail Barber b. Mch. 12, 1678 d. Jan. 26, 1747
Titus Brown b. Nov. 11, 1714 d. Feb. 1802 Res. Norfolk, Conn.	Mar. in Windsor, Conn. Ch. Titus, d. May 1782, *Betty*, May 15, 1753 Rachel, Aug. 11, 1754 Dolly Abigail Aaron	Rachel Marshall b. Feb. 1, 1724 d.
Daniel Burr	Mar. Oct. 7, 1773 *Rachel*	Betty Brown b. May 15, 1753 d. Feb. 20, 1832
Obadiah Hulburd Mch. 9, 1769 Mch. 17, 1814 Res. Enfield, Conn	Apr. 22, 1805, Norfolk, Conn. *Halsey*	Rachel Burr b. Aug. 31, 1778 Norfolk d. Feb. 27, 1813
Halsey Hulburt	Mary Hulburt.	Betsey Moses

MARSHALL AND WILTON.

"CAPT. SAMUEL MARSHALL had a lot in the Palizado, early in 1637. He was a deputy some years; magistrate in 1638; several times a juror. He bought land 1652 of Thos. Marshfield (and other proprietors) and was quite a dealer in real estate. Admitted member of Windsor Ch. May 3, 1663 . . . In 1673 Quartermaster Marshall received grant of 150 acres. In King Phillip's War he was actively engaged. He was one of the five Captains from Conn. who led the Colonial forces to attack the Narragansett's Fort Dec. 19, 1675, where he fell at the head of his troops. We lost in him an active, honored and useful citizen and a brave soldier. His residence, according to tradition, stood at the base of a rivulet near the point, which juts out, a meadow, a few rods below the present site of the bridge."

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p 466 Stiles' Hist. Ancient Windsor.

WILTON

"LIEUTENANT DAVID WILTON at Windsor 1640. Chosen 1657 to attend the keep of the graveyard, near by his residence in the Palizado. Matthew Grant in the beginning of his O.C.R. says "I here note down concerning Br. Lt. Wilton did remove from Windsor Church to go to Northampton to help further a church there, beginning March 25, and now, Feb. 6, 1677 he was buried over in Windsor. He died the day before." His widow married 2nd Goodman Hosmer of Hartford, Aug. 6, 1697. His daughter married Capt. Saml. Marshall."

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p. 293 Stiles' Hist of Ancient Windsor.

(Hulburt-Brown line) MARSHALL

Capt. Samuel Marshall b. d. Dec. 19, 1675 Res. Windsor, Conn.	Mar. Ch. Samuel, May 27, 1653 Lydia, Feb. 18, 1655 Lydia, Feb. 3, 1658 (Mar. Jos. Hawley) Thomas, Apr. 23, 1659 David, July 24, 1661 *Thomas*, Feb. 18, 1663-1735 Mary, May 18, 1667 Eliakim, July 10, 1669 John, Aug. 10, 1672 Elizabeth, Sept. 27, 1674	Mary Wilton, dau. Lt. David Wilton b. d.
Thomas Marshall (Deacon) b. Feb. 18, 1663 at Windsor d. Nov. 8, 1735 Res. Windsor, Conn.	Mar. Mch. 3, 1685/6 Windsor Ch. Thomas Jan. 14, 1686/7 of Torrington, Ct. (Eliz. Tudor.) Mary, Feb. 21, 1688/9 *Samuel*, July 23, 1691 Thomas, Feb. 6, 1693 Rachel, Apr. 12, 1696 Catherine, Apr. 11, 1699 John, Apr. 3, 1701 Noah, Apr. 24, 1703-m Ruth Cook 1748 Daniel (Rev.) 1705 Benjamin Aug. 7, 1707-1803 Eunice May 3, 1709	Mary Drake b. d. Dec. 2, 1728
Samuel Marshall b. July 23, 1691 d. Res. Windsor, Conn.	Mar. July 12, 1716 Ch. Samuel, 1717 Eliakim, 1718 (Rev. pr. Vt.) Abigail, Mch. 1721 Noah, Apr. 29, 1723 *Rachel*, Feb. 1, 1724/5 Abner, Feb. 9, 1726/7 (Hannah Marshall) Amasa, Jan. 17, 1728 Joseph, Mary } Feb. 17, 1730/1 Asenath, May 1735	Abigail Phelps b. Oct. 15, 1693 d.
Titus Brown son of Deacon Cornelius Brown	Mar. in Windsor	Rachel Marshall b. Feb. 1, 1724 d. Oct. 27, 1814 ae 90

PHELPS

"William Phelps, Esq. came with Mr. Warham's Church to Windsor, 1635. He married in England and had four children before coming to Windsor, Wm., Saml., Nathaniel and Joseph; born in Windsor, Timothy 1639, Mary in 1644, Mar. Thos. Barber. William was a member of the first court of Magistrates in 1635, which declared war on the Pequots; member of the Gen. Ct. for 12 sessions. He was one of the Committee to form criminal laws for the Colony, and was one of the most valuable and efficient officers of the colony. His whole time must have been occupied in the service of the Public. He had bros. Geo. and Saml. He was with Ludlow, Wolcott, Warham, Mason, Lord and M. Allyn, leading men of the Colony." Hinman's Early Puritan Settlers of New England.

"The first emigrant William Phelps, (Phyllpses, superfluous letters dropped during reign of Edw. VI in Eng. came to Dorchester, N.E. in the Mary and John 1630.... Wm. b. 1699 and Geo. b. cir. 1605, became ances. of the larger proportion of American Phelps families in America. Wm. b. Tewksbury Co. Gloucester, probably removed to Somerset or Dorchester, Eng, where he met Elizabeth.....In 1630 he came to Dorchester, Mass. with Rev. Mr, Warham, of whose church formed in Plymouth, Eng. he was an original member (O. C. R.) He was accompanied by his wife and 5 Ch. and his bros. Geo. and Rich. He was from the first a prominent and highly respected citizen of Dorchester..... In Windsor, as in Dorchester, he ranked as an active and honored citizen; member of the first Ct, 1636-37... was magistrate 1638 to close of 1643; deputy to Gen. Ct, 1644-49,51-57... He was an excellent, pious and upright man in his public and private life, and truly a pillar in the Church and State... member of the original ch. Dorchester and Windsor. After a residence of 42 yrs. in N.E. (36 in Windsor) he died there June 14, 1672". P. 562. Stiles' History of Ancient Windsor.

(Hulburt-Brown line) PHELPS

William Phelps b. Aug. 19, 1599 at Tewksbury, Co. Gloucester, Eng. d. June 14, 1673 Res. Dorchester, Mass. Windsor, Conn. 1630	Mar. Ch. 1st. wife. William, 1617 or 20 s.p. Sarah, 1623, d. July 10, 1659 Samuel, 1625 Nathaniel, 1627 Joseph, 1629 2nd. wife *Timothy*, 1639-1719 O.C.R.	1st. Elizabeth 2nd. Mary Dover b. England d. Nov. 27, 1675 at Windsor. Mary, Mch. 2, 1644 m. Thos. Barber, settled at Simsbury.
Lieut. Timothy Phelps b. Aug. 1639 Windsor d. 1719 Res. Windsor in his father's homestead	Mar. Mch. 19, 1661 (W.C.R.) Ch. Timothy, Nov. 1 1663 Sept. 28, 1768 *Joseph*, Sep. 27, 1666 Aug. 30, 1716 William, Feb. 4, 1668/9 Cornelius, Apr. 26, 1671 Mary, 1673-1690 Samuel, Jan. 29, 1675 Nathaniel, Jan. 7, 1677 (Capt) Sarah, Dec. 27, 1679 (David Marshall	Mary Griswold, dau. Edward Griswold of Kenilworth, Conn. b. Abigail, June 1683, Jan. 25, 1707 Hannah, Aug. 1684 Ann, Oct. 2, 1686 (David Porter) Martha, Nov. 12, 1688 (Saml. Holcomb)
Joseph Phelps b. Sept. 27, 1666 d. Aug. 30, 1716 Res. Windsor, possibly Hebron	Mar. Nov. 18, 1686 Ch. Sarah, Aug. 14, 1687 Mary, June 8, 1689 (Matthew Griswold) James, Mch, 16, 1692 (Susanna Enos) *Abigail*, Oct. 15, 1693 Edward, 1697 Benoni, June 24, 1699 John, Sept. 30, 1701 (Anna Hosford	Sarah Hosford b. Sept. 27, 1776 on the same day as her husband. Abel, Feb. 1, 1703 Daniel, Mch. 2, 1707 Ichabod, Apr. 3, 1708 (Martha Tillotson) Johnathan
Samuel Marshall	Mar. July 12, 1706	Abigail Phelps

HOSFORD AND BARBER

P. 362. "JOHN HOSFORD mar. Phillary Thrall, dau. Wm. Thrall, 18 Nov. 1651. d. Aug. 1683. He was a man of considerable wealth, left his s. Wm. £225, Tim. £121, Jno. £121.

BARBER

"THOMAS BARBER came to Windsor, Conn, 1635, then ae about 21, first of his name, with the Saltonstall party. Made freeman 1645. He was a soldier in the Pequot War. Removed to Simsbury, where he contracted to build the first church." Stiles Hist. Ancient Windsor.

"Came to Windsor with Rev. Mr. Huet.". Hinman

See History of Simsbury for many records of this Thomas and his son Lt. Josiah. The records show a close relationship with the other family lines, such as the Moses and Brown lines.

(Hulburt-Brown line) HOSFORD AND BARBER

	HOSFORD	
William Hosford b. d. Res. Windsor, Conn. Subsequently returned to England	Mar. Ch. *John.*	1st. b. d. Aug. 26, 1642 2nd, widow of Henry Fookes.
John Hosford b. d. Aug. 7, 1683(Ct. Rec.) Res. Windsor, Conn.	Mar. Nov. 1657 Ch. William, Oct. 25, 1659 John, Oct. 16, 1660 Timothy, Oct. 20, 1662 Hester, May 27, 1664 *Sarah*, Sept. 27, 1666 Samuel, June 2, 1669	Philury Thrall. dau. Wm. Thrall Nathaniel, Aug. 19, 1671 Mary, Apr. 12, 1674 John Sept. 20, 1676 Obadiah Sept. 23, 1677
Joseph Phelps	Mar. Nov. 18, 1686	Sarah Hosford
	BARBER	
Thomas Barber b. 1614 d. Sept. 11, 1662 Res. Windsor and Simsbury, Conn.	Mar. Oct. 7, 1640 Ch. John. bp. July 24, 1642 Thomas „ July 14, 1644 Sarah „ July 16, 1646 Samuel „ Oct. 1, 1648 Mary „ Oct. 12, 1651 (Hale of Suffield) *Josiah*	Jane b. d.
Lieut. Josiah Barber b. Feb. 15, 1653 d. Dec. 24 1729 Res. Windsor and Simsbury, Conn.	Mar. Nov. 22, 1676 Ch. *Abigail*, Mch. 12, 1678 Feb. 9, 1700 Josiah, 1685 Rebecca, Apr. 11, 1690 Nathaniel, Apr. 6, 1691 Johnathan, June 4, 1694 Aaron, July 20, 1697	1st, Abigail Loomis b. d. Feb. 9, 1700 2nd, Sarah Drake who d. Dec. 1730
Cornelius Brown	Mar. Dec. 4 or 14, 1701	Abigail Barber

LOOMIS AND GILLETT.

LOOMIS

"JOSEPH LOOMIS (Loomys) born cir. 1590, was a woolen draper in Braintree in County Essex, Eng. Sailed from London, April 11, 1638 on the Susan & Ellen, arrived Boston July 1638. He was in Windsor subsequent to 1639. His children all born in England. His children married, Elizabeth to John Lee, 1682; Nathan m. Eliz. Ellsworth, dau, Josiah; Abigail m. Josiah Barber; Mindwell m. Johnathan Brown; Ebenezer m. Jemima Whitcomb 1797; Mary m. Joseph Barber; Rebecca m. Josiah Rockwell Dec. 14, 1713, Lebanon."

GILLETT

"JOHN GILLETT, with his brother Nathan, came to Dorchester with Rev. Mr. Warham. They came to Windsor with the first migration. John and his wife were members of the original church."

Records from Stiles.

(Hulburt-Brown line) LOOMIS AND GILLETT

	LOOMIS	
Joseph Loomis b. cir. 1590 d. Nov. 5, 1658 Res. Windsor, Conn. Ch. all born in England	Mar. June 30, 1614 Messing, Co. Essex, England Ch. John Joseph Thomas *Nathaniel* Daniel Elizabeth, (Josiah Hull) Mary (John Skinner 2nd Owen Tudord)	Mary White, dau. Robt White and Bridget Allgar, (dau. Wm. Allgar, Shoeford, Co. Essex) b. Aug. 24, 1589 d. Aug. 23, 1652
Nathaniel Loomis b. England d. Res. Windsor	Mar. Nov. 27, 1654 Ch. Elizabeth, Aug. 7, 1655 Nathan, Mch. 20, 1657-1733 *Abigail*, bp. Apr. 1, 1659 Josiah, Feb. 17, 1660-1738 Johnathan, Mch. 30, 1664-1707 David, Jan. 1, 1667, Jan. 9, 1667 Hezekiah, Feb. 21, 1668-1758 Moses, 1671-1742	Elizabeth Moore, dau. John b. d. Jan. 18, 1719 See Stiles His-Windsor 403
Mindwell Ebenezer 1674-1709 Mary 1679 (Barber) Rebecca Dec. 10, 1680		
Josiah Barber (Lt.) b. Feb. 5, 1653 d. 1724 Res. Windsor, and Simsbury, Conn.	Mar. Nov. 22, 1677 Ch. *Abigail* Josiah Rebecca Nathaniel Johnathan Aaron	Abigail Loomis bp. Apr. 1, 1659 d. Feb. 9, 1700 See p. 434 Stiles Hist-Windsor
Cornelius Brown	Mar. Dec. 4 or 14, 1701	Abigail Barber
	GILLETT	
John Gillett b. d. Res. Windsor, before 1639	Mar. Ch. Cornelius Johnathan *Mary* b. in New England Anna b. in Windsor, Dec. 1639 Joseph bp. July 25, 1641 Samuel, bp. Jan. 22, 1642 John, bp. Oct. 5, 1644	b. d. Abigail, bp. June 28, 1646-1649 Jeremiah, Feb. 12, 1647 Josiah b. July 14, 1650
Peter Brown II	Mar. July 18, 1658 at Windsor	Mary Gillett

PEASE.

See a Genealogical and Historical Record of the Descendants of JOHN PEASE, Sr. (David and Austin Pease. 1869 Springfield, Mass.) The History of Enfield, Ct. gives statistics to 1850 with grave inscriptions. Also those of Hartford, Northampton and Springfield records which refer to people of Enfield. (F. O. Allen, 30 Vols.)

(Hulburt-Pease line) PEASE

Robert Pease b. England d. 1644 ae abt. 37 Res. Salem, Mass.	Married Children *John*	Marie b. d.
John Pease, Sr. b. 1630 Prob. England d. July 8, 1689 Res. Enfield, Conn.	Mar. 1st ... ... Mar. 2nd Dec. 8, 1669 Ch. John, May 30, 1654 (1st wife) Robert, May 14, 1656 (1st wife) Mary, Oct. 8, 1658 (1st wife) Abraham, Jan. 2, 1662 (1st wife) Johnathan, Jan. 2, 1669 (1st wife) James, Dec. 23, 1670 (2d wife) *Isaac*, July 15, 1672 (2d wife) Abigail, Dec. 15, 1675-July 9, 1689 (2d wife)	Mary Goodell, d. Jan. 5, 1669 Ann Cummings dau. Isaac Cummings of Topsfield, Mass. b. d. June 29, 1689
Isaac Pease (Deacon) b. July 15, 1672 Salem d. July 9, 1731 Res. Enfield, Conn.	Mar. 1691 Ch. Isaac, May 2, 1693 Abraham, 1695 Mindwell, 1697 Israel, 1702 Ann, Feb. 1705 (Natl. Prior) Benjamin, 1707 *Ezekiel*, June 10, 1710	Mindwell Osborne b. Jan. 2, 1673 d. Timothy, 1713 Cummings, Nov. 15, 1715
Ezekiel Pease b. June 10, 1710 Enfield d. 1799 Res. Enfield, Conn.	Mar. Feb. 10, 1732 Ch. Hannah, Jan. 11, 1733 (Job Gleason) Ezekiel, Aug. 18, 1734 Abiah, Aug, 11, 1736 (Saml. Gowdy) Henry C., Feb. 11, 1738 Eleanor, Mch. 15, 1741 (M. R. Holt) *Jane*, Aug. 13, 1743 Mehitabel, Sept. 23, 1744 (Edward Parsons) Abigail, Mch. 15, 1749 Isaac, June 1, 1752 Oliver, Sept. 6, 1754	Hannah Chandler b. d.
Obadiah Hulburt	Mar. Aug. 28, 1766 at Enfield	Jane Pease b. Aug. 13, 1743 Enfield d. July 12, 1826

CHANDLER

"William Chandler the immigrant came to Roxbury, Mass. from England 1637 with his wife Annis Alcock (?) and four children. Their fifth was born in Roxbury. Wm. was a proprietor of Roxbury, took the Freeman's Oath, 1640, died 1641.

"Capt. Thomas Chandler was one of the proprietors of Andover, Mass; and was made Leftenant of the foot company of Andover under Capt. Dudley Bradstreet; was Representative to the General Court 1678-79; died 1703.

"Henry Chandler was chosen tything man at Andover 1720." "Ensign Henry Chandler was chosen Surveyor, he died 27 Aug. 1737."

See Descendants of Wm. and Annis Chandler, who settled in Roxbury 1637. (D. Clapp and Son, Boston 1872)

See D.A.R. Magazine July 1934 p. 49

(Hulburt-Pease line) CHANDLER

William Chandler b. England d. 1641 Res. Roxbury, Mass.	Mar. in England. Ch. Hannah 1629 (Geo. Abbott, Rev. Fr. Dane) *Thomas* 1630-1703 William m. 1658 Mary Dane 2nd Bridget Henchman John m. 1658 Eliz. Douglass Sarah m. 1659 Wm. Cleaves. m. 2nd—Wilson 3rd—Stevens 4th—Allen	Annis Alcock (?) b. d. Mch. 15, 1683 who later m. John Dane and 3rd mar. John Parmenter of Sudbury
Capt. Thomas Chandler b. 1630 Roxbury d. 1703 Andover Res. Andover, Mass.	Mar. Ch. Thomas 1652-1659 John 1655. m. 1676 Hanna Abbot Hannah m. Danl. Bixby William 1659 m. Eleanor Phelps Sarah 1661 m. Saml Phelps Thomas 1664 m. 1686 Mary Peters *Henry*, May 28, 1667 Joseph 1669 m. 1691 Sarah Abbot	Hannah Brewer of Andover, Mass. b. d. Oct. 25, 1717 ae 87
Henry Chandler b. May 28, 1667 d. Aug. 27, 1737 Res. Andover, Mass.	Mar. Nov. 28, 1695 Ch. Henry 1696 m. Hannah Foster Samuel 1698 m. Hepzibah Colton Lydia 1699 m. John Booth Daniel 1701 m. Sarah Keep Nehemiah 1703 m. Mary Burroughs Abigail m. Jno. Rumrill Sarah 1707 m. Jno Booth Deborah 1709 m. Ebenezer Colton *Hannah* 1712 m. Ezekiel Pease Mehitable d. 1717 Isaac 1717 m. Abigail Hale Mehitable 1720-1744 unm.	Lydia Abbot, dau. Geo. b. Sept. 1675 d. Mch. 11, 1739
Ezekiel Pease	Mar. Feb. 10, 1732	Hannah Chandler

OSBORNE

"Tradition gives the origin of the Osborne Family as Welch" See Stiles History of Ancient Windsor.

"Osborne, John 1643 m. Ann Oldage of Windsor '45. Probably son of John of Weymouth." Hinman's First Puritan Settlers of Conn.

EGGLESTON

"Eggleston, Bagot, one of the Puritans who settled Windsor, came with Rev. Mr. Warham, 1635, Landholder, died in 1674."
Hinman's First Puritan Settlers of Conn. p. 23.

"Bagot Eggleston came from Exeter, Devonshire, Eng. Married in Eng. Mary Talcott of Braintree, Essex, by whom he had two sons before leaving Eng. He was of Dorchester, Mass, and removed to Hartford, 1638. He probably lived in Hartford before the Pequot War, and sold his original lot to Nicholas Hoyte. He bought two lots in the Palisado (Windsor) and was living in 1654 in the Palisado Green. Bagot Eggleston was born 1590 in Eng., died in Windsor 1674." (D.A.R. Magazine, Feb. 1933).

Children: Jas., Saml., Thos., Mary, Sarah, Abigail, Rebecca.

References: N.Y. Hist. and Gen. Rec. II-189; Stiles Hist. Anc. Windsor II-198. Hist: Simsbury, Conn. p. 172.

The name is spelled variously Baggot, Brigget and Bagot.

(Hulburt-Pease line) OSBORNE, EGGLESTON

John Osborne b. d. (cir. 1644) Res. Windsor, Conn.	OSBORNE Mar. Ch. *John* Jan. 10, 1645	Ann Oldage b. d.
John Osborne b. Jan. 10, 1645 d. Res. East Windsor, Conn.	Mar. Ch. Mindwell, Jan. 2, 1673	Abigail Eggleston b. June 12, 1648 d.
Isaac Pease	Mar. 1691	Mindwell Osborne b. Jan. 2, 1673
Bagot Eggleston b. 1590 England d. Sept. 1. 1674 Res. Windsor from 1654 Dorchester Mass, Hartford, Conn. 1638	EGGLESTON Mar. in England Ch. James, b. England (Hester Williams) Samuel, b. England Thomas, 1638 in Windsor Mary, 1641 Sarah, Mch. 28, 1643-1713 (John Pettibone) Rebecca, 1644 *Abigail*, June 12, 1648 Joseph, 1651 Benjamin, 1652	Mary or Sarah Talcott b. d. Dec. 8, 1675 in Windsor
John Osborne	Mar. Ch. *Mindwell*	Abigail Eggleston b. June 12. 1648 d.

MOSES

John Moses (I) was the first ship-wright brought over by the Plymouth colony. He came between 1630-40. He was a Church of England man. He and his descendants contended for generations to worship as Church of England communicants in New England.

Stiles' *History of Windsor* has items about John Moses II: Land granted him in Windsor 1641 (or 48); 1651 town gave him an allowance to sojourn with Simon Wilton in his house. He married May 18, 1653 Mary Brown who died Sept. 14, 1689. He died Oct. 14, 1687; (Col. Rec.) left his widow 1/3 of real estate and £64, personal property; to son Timothy £66, to Mary £70, to youngest daughter £60; estate £575.

This John (II) was a notable go-between with the Indians, and fought in the Pequot War. Two of his young sons were wounded in that war, and died after lingering on for a year or so, from their wounds. John II was an ancestor of whom we may be proud,—sturdy and fine and capable. He was closely associated with Peter Brown II and others of our ancestors in Windsor and in Simsbury.

In Norfolk, Conn. four generations of the Moses family are buried, in the South End District Cemetery. Thomas Moses spent his life on his father's farm in Norfolk.

Joshua Moses II brought his bride Abigail Terry from Simsbury to Norfolk on a pillion.

See History of Simsbury, Moses Family History, (Zebina Moses 1915) History of Norfolk, (Theron Crissey), and early records of Duxbury, Mass.

Subject for research: the parents of Mary Brown, wife of John Moses I. Mary Brown, daughter of Peter of Plymouth and Mary Brown, daughter of John Brown of Duxbury are recorded as marrying others than John Moses.

(Hulburt-Moses line) MOSES

John Moses I b. d. Res. Plymouth and Duxbury, Mass	Married Ch. *John*	... ... b. d.
John Moses II b. d. Sept. (or Oct.) 1683 Res. Windsor, Conn. before 1647	Mar. May 18, 1653 Ch. *John*, June 15, 1654-1714 William, Sept. 1, 1656, Nov. 27, 1681 Thomas, Jan. 14, 1658, July 21, 1681 Mary, May 13, 1661 (Farnsworth)	Mary Brown b. d.
Nathaniel Dorkis Margaret, Dec. 2, 1666 Sarah, Feb. 2, 1667 (Butler)		Timothy, Feb. 1670 Martha, Mch. 8, 1672 Mindwell, Dec. 13, 1676, Jan. 6. 1687, Mar. Sgt. Jno. Thrall
John Moses III b. June 15, 1654 d. Aug. 31, 1714 Res. Simsbury, Conn.	Mar. July 14, 1680 Ch. John, Apr. 26, 1681 Deborah, Oct. 1, 1682-1683 William, Mch. 25, 1684 July 14, 1745 Thomas, May 8, 1685 *Joshua*, Oct. 3, 1689, Feb. 6, 1773 Deborah, Jan. 12, 1691 (Roberts)	Deborah Thrall b. d. May 16, 1715
Caleb, Aug. 1, 1694, Nov. 23, 1697 Othniel, Jan. 10, 1696, Mch. 18, 1697 Caleb, Jan. 4, 1698, Mch. 21, 1784		Othniel, Sept. 6, 1701-1701 Mary, Sept. 1, 1702 (Fuller) Martha 1705
Joshua Moses I b. Oct. 13, 1689 d. Feb. 6, 1773 Res. Simsbury and Norfolk, Conn.	Mar. June 28, 1722 Ch. (1st wife) Hannah and Mary June 14, 1718 Ch. 2nd wife Rachel, July 16, 1724 *Joshua* Feb. 27, 1727, June 20, 1795	1st Hannah Strickland d. 1718
Othniel, July 1, 1730		2nd Mary Brook b. d.
		John
Joshua Moses II b. Feb. 24, 1727 d. June 20, 1795 Res. Norfolk, Conn.	Mar. at Simsbury Ch. Joshua July 5, 1672, Aug. 8, 1820 Abigail, Oct. 25, 1765 *Thomas*, July 19, 1768 Jesse, July 3, 1771 Mch. 31, 1861	Abigail Terry b. Jan. 18, 1740 d.
Ruth, Mch. 24, 1774 Jonah, Oct. 25, 1777		Johnathan, May 16, 1780
Thomas Moses b. July 19, 1768 d. Sept. 24, 1851 Res. Norfolk, Conn. This record is from the Bible of Thomas Moses.	Mar. Nov. 24, 1791 Ch. Salmon, Dec. 14, 1792 Nov. 27, 1874 Thomas Aug. 16, 1794 Ralph, Jan, 13, 1797, July 24, 1819 Benjamin, Dec. 6, 1798, Oct. 5, 1832 Hiram, Sept. 19, 1800, June 5, 1885 Julia, Oct. 8, 1803, June 21, 1844 *Betsey*, Oct. 1805	Abigail Brown b. Aug. 17, 1769 d. Feb. 16, 1823
		2nd, Caroline Brown d. Nov. 11, 1854
Eunice, Mch. 27, 1808, Apr. 6, 1861 Abigail, Oct. 12, 1810, July 24, 1842		Ruth, July 24, 1812, June 24, 1853
Halsey Hulburt	Mar. Mch. 24, 1831	Betsey Moses

BROWNE OF THE MOSES LINE.

History of RICHARD BROWNE, see Winthrop, Vol. I with Savage's Notes, Neale's History of the Puritans, Hubbard's History p. 142, 166, 187, Savage's *First Settlers of Norwich, Conn.* "Richard Browne came from England in the Mary & John, with his wife Edith and brother George in 1634 to Newbury, Mass. He was in Ipswich before 1638, removed to Newbury, Mass, made Freeman May 16, 1635"

BENJAMIN BROWN and his wife SARAH KEENEY are buried in Manchester, Conn. at the Manchester Center Cemetery. Their headstones are dark brown with scroll pattern at the top. At a visit there in 1935, I was horrified to see that the town authorities had allowed a tree to grow directly in front of the grave, between it and the walk. The inscription on the headstone reads: "This monument erected in honor of Mr. Benjamin Brown, who died March 27, 1801 in the 69th yr. of his age." The headstone of his wife reads: "This monument is in honor of Mrs. Sarah Brown, who died July 3, 1815 in the 70th yr. of her age. Watch, for you know not when the Son of Man Cometh."

EDMUND BROWN, brother of Abigail, and son of Benjamin and Sarah, was the father of the Brown cousins of Norfolk, with whom we have retained a close relationship. They are related to us both on the Moses and the Hulburt side. Edmund's son Plumb (1822-1895) married Olive Crissey, daughter of Eunice Burr, sister of Rachel Burr, Grandfather Hulburt's mother. Edmund Brown was brother to Grandmother Hulburt's mother Abigail Brown. Edmund Brown and Mabel Holt had children: Sarah, d.y. Ralph 1820-1886, Plumb 1822-1895, Abigail 1826-1873, Harriet 1826-1886.

PLUMB BROWN and OLIVE CRISSEY had children: Edmund, 1862 Benjamin, 1864, Sarah 1866 (married Clifford Scoville), Dr. Plumb Brown Jr. 1868 of Springfield, Mass., Mabel E. 1876. OLIVE CRISSEY was a sister of THERON CRISSEY who wrote the History of Norfolk, and of RALPH who lived in Norfolk till his death.

(Hulburt-Moses line) BROWNE (Richard)

Richard Browne b. d. Apr. 26, 1661 Res. Newbury, Mass and Ipswich, Mass	Mar. 1st Ch. 1st mar. Joseph, d.y. *Joshua*, Apr. 10, 1642 Caleb, May 7, 1645 Ch. 2nd marriage Eliza, Mch. 20, 1649 Richard, Feb. 18, 1651 Edmund, July 17, 1654 Sarah, Sept. 7, 1657 Mary, Apr. 10, 1660	Edith b. d. Apr. 1647 2nd Eliza widow of Giles Badger b. d.
Joshua Browne b. Apr. 10, 1642 d. Res. Newbury, Mass	Mar. Jan. 15, 1669 Ch. Joseph, Oct. 10, 1669 Joshua, Apr. 18, 1671 *Tristram*, Dec. 21, 1672 Sarah, Dec. 5, 1676 Samuel, Sept, 4, 1677 ..... Ruth, Oct. 29, 1678	Sarah Sawyer daughter Wm. Sawyer b. d. 1st minister at Abington, Mass
Tristram Browne b. Dec. 21, 1672 d. before 1733 Res. Norwich, Conn. 1715	Mar. at Newbury, Mass. Ch. Tristram Joshua *Abraham*, Samuel Richard	Mary Tilton b. d. not before 1756 Mar. 1st or 2nd Abigail Park
Abraham Brown b. probably at Newbury d. July 29, 1747, Res. Coventry, Conn.	Mar. Dec. 12, 1730 at Newton, Mass Ch. Abraham, Sept. 24, 1731 Elijah, Oct. 2, 1733 Edmund, Oct. 22, 1735 Johnathan bp. Coventry, Dec. 3, 1739 *Benjamin*, Sept. 16, 1740 James, Apr. 25, 1743 Elisha, Apr. 14, 1745 Stephen, Mch. 9, 1749	Abigail Dike of Newton, Mass b. d.
Benjamin Brown b. Sept. 16, 1740 d. Mch. 27, 1809 Res. Manchester, Conn.	Mar. Sept. 4, 1672 (E. Htfd. Vit. Rec. Vol. 1 p. 8) Ch. Sarah, Aug. 13, 1764, Sept. 17, 1785 Benjamin, Aug. 20, 1767, Oct. 9, 1857 *Abigail*, Aug. 17, 1769, Feb. 16, 1823 Edmund, Mch. 2, 1772, July 13, 1859 Esther, June 6, 1774 Aschah, Aug. 23, 1778, May 24, 1794 Iraenus, Oct. 23, 1780, Dec. 3, 1873 James, Apr. 5, 1783 Sarah, Dec. 25, 1785, June 2, 1861	Sarah Keeney b. Aug. 1, 1745 in E. Hartford d. July 3, 1815
Thomas Moses	Mar. Nov. 24, 1791	Abigail Brown b. Aug. 17, 1769 d. Feb. 16, 1823 Res. Norfolk, Conn.

TILTON

SHAW

"Roger Shaw, appointed by the General Court from Cambridge, made free 1638, having bought about 200 acres of land and built a house on the south side of Arrow St. He was probably the Roger registered at St. Peter's Cornhill, London 1594, Sept., son of Ralph Shaw, vintner at the Sunne on Cornhill, born 26 Aug. He was competent to be appointed by the General Court vintner and keeper of the Ordinary at Hampton, N.H. where he finally settled, indicating a knowledge of the business. In 1640 he was elected Town Clerk of Cambridge, Mass, and Selectman for Cambridge in 1741-1745. He was an original settler of Hampton, N.H., after selling out at Cambridge. In his will, made Aug. 25, 1660, probated Aug. 10, 1661, his oldest son Joseph, sole executor, was instructed to pay to Abraham Tilton and.....their portion, 'according to the Covenant' when they shall become of age.

"Deliverance Shaw, whose birth is not mentioned in any of the public records yet examined by the compiler of this work, was, according to Savage, married to Abraham Tilton (probably son of her step-mother and her first husband William Tilton) at Kittery, Me. 1669. Her will, Nov. 9, 1730 probated 1733 July, named sons Abraham, Samuel, Isaac, daughters Sarah (Martin) Mary, widow of Tristram Brown, Rebecca, widow of Thos. Durges" (Shaw Records).

(The records of the Browne line, which came down to us, record the marriage of Deliverance Shaw and Abraham Tilton as parents of Mary Tilton, who married Tristram Brown. M.M.W.)

(Moses-Browne line) TILTON, SHAW

	TILTON	
William Tilton b. d. Res. Lynn, Mass	Mar. Ch. *Abraham* (not of age John 1661)	Susannah b. d. Mar. 2nd Roger Shaw
Abraham Tilton b. d. Res.	Mar. 1669 at Kittery, Me. Ch. Abraham Samuel Isaac Sarah (Martin) *Mary* Rebecca (Durges)	Deliverance Shaw b. d. before 1733
Tristram Brown b. Dec. 21, 1672 d. before 1733 Res. Norwich, Conn.	Mar. at Newbury, Mass Ch. Tristram Joshua *Abraham* Samuel Richard	Mary Tilton b. d. not before 1756
	SHAW	
Roger Shaw b. Sept. 1, 1594 d. May 29, 1661 Res. Cambridge, Mass and Hampton, N.H.	Mar. Ch. of first wife Margaret cir 1634 (Thos. Ward) Joseph, 1635 (Eliz. Partridge) Ann, 1636 (Samuel Fogg 1661) Esther, June 1638 Mary, 1639-1640 Benjamin, 1641 (Esther Rich) Mary, July 29, 1645 (Thos. Parker) *Deliverance*	1st Ann 2nd Susanna, widow of William Tilton b. d.
Abraham Tilton b. d. Res. Kittery, Me.	Mar. 1669 at Kittery, Me. Ch. *Mary*	Deliverance Shaw b. d. before 1733
Tristram Brown b. Dec. 21, 1672 d. before 1733 Res. Norwich, Conn. 1715	Mar. at Newbury, Mass Ch. *Abraham*	Mary Tilton b. d. not before 1756

KEENEY

"The surname and ancestry of the Keeney family, is spelled variously Kenee, Keayne, Kiene, Keny, Kenny, etc. The name is common in England and Ireland. According to Burke, the Keney, Kennay or Kenny family was originally of Somersetshire, Eng., of great antiquity, deriving the family name from the place Kenne of that Co. As early as 1742 in the reign of Edw. IV, a branch of the family settled in Ireland. As early as the 2nd year of the reign of Henry IV of Eng. John de Kenne held two knight fees in Kenne. Burke gives spellings: Kenne, Kenee, Kenny or Kennay. The spelling Keeney is in common use in this country." (Sutter, Genealogical and Family Hist. of Conn. p. 1626)

"Alexander Keeney, immigrant ancestor, came from Eng. as early as 1666/7, settled at Wethersfield, Conn. and died in 1680. Inventory Oct. 15, 1680. Widow Alice, died Feb. 23, 1683. Estate £86. Maiden name Colfax."

"Joseph, born Wethersfield 1666 settled in East Hartford 1694" N.E. Register XIII Hartford Recs.

The will of Alexander Keeney of Wethersfield is in Manwaring's Probate Records of Conn. Vol. I, p. 327. Made freeman at Wethersfield, 1667.

Joseph 1666, Marriage record is in *East Hartford Early Book of Marriages,* Rhode Island Americana, Nov. 1, 1814: 1666 Alexander Thomas Keeney, (Probably Joseph 2 1666, Alexander 1, of Wethersfield and of Wallingford 1731) born probably 1708 or May 1707 died Oct. 25, 1814. From *Hartford Courant:* "Coventry, died, Mr. Alexander Keeney, aged 106, formerly of East Hartford. The numbers of his descendants are about 900. He was possessed, of great strength of endurance. When about 95 he led the reapers in the field."

The Town of Manchester was incorporated 1823.

(Moses-Browne line) KEENEY

Alexander Keeney b. d. 1680 Res. Wethersfield, Conn.	Mar. Ch Alexander, 1662 Thomas and Sarah, 1664 *Joseph* 1666 Lydia 1669 Ebenezer 1672 Richard 1674	Alice Colfax b. d. Feb. 23, 1682/3
Joseph Keeney b. 1666 Wethersfield d. Res. E. Hartford, Conn.	Mar. Ch. Joseph, 1693 in Hartford Benjamin, 1695 „ John, 1699 „ Susanna (Anna) 1701 „ Ashbel, 1704 „ *Alexander Thomas* 1707	Hannah Hills b. d. See Hills Genealogy
Alexander Thomas Keeney b. 1707-8 d. Nov. 1 1814 ae 106 Res. Wethersfield Conn.	Mar. Ch. Charles (or Chloe?) bp. 1736 Jerusha bp. 1736 (Elisha Andrews Jr.) Margaret bp. 1739 (Simon Keeney Jr.) Richard bp. 1742 Alexander b. 1741 (Martha Miner) Theodore b. 1744 *Sarah* b. 1745 (Benjamin Brown) John b. 1746 Theodore b. 1748 Thomas b. 1751 (Mercy Lamb)	..... b. d.
Benjamin Brown b. Sept. 16, 1740 Coventry, Conn. d. Mch. 27, 1809 Res. Manchester, Conn.	Mar. Sept. 4, 1763 Manchester, Conn. Ch. Sarah Benjamin *Abigail* Aug. 17, 1769 (Thos. Moses) Edmund (Mabel Holt) Esther (Jesse Moses) Aschah Iraenus James Sarah, unm.	Sarah Keeney b. Aug. 1, 1745 in E. Hartford d. July 3, 1815 in Manchester, Ct.
Thomas Moses b. July 19, 1768 d. Sept. 24, 1851 Res. Norfolk, Conn.	Mar. Nov. 24, 1791 Ch. Betsey	Abigail Brown b. Aug. 17, 1769 d. Feb. 16, 1823

For much of the information on the Keeney line, I am indebted to my kinswoman Mrs. Bertha McKee Lewie.

THRALL, BROOK AND GUNN.

THRALL

"WILLIAM THRALL came to Windsor before the Pequot War, in which he fought." Stiles History of Ancient Windsor

Hinman: WILLIAM THRALL in Windsor 1640, died 1679. Juror in 1664

TIMOTHY THRALL was an early settler in Windsor, died 1697

BROOK

GUNN

"THOMAS GUNN came early to Dorchester, Mass. He was at Windsor 1640, removed to Westfield, Conn., deeded land to son-in-law Timothy Thrall."

Hinman: THOMAS GUNN was in Windsor 1643, juror in 1644 and often later.

(Moses-Browne Line) THRALL, BROOK, GUNN

	THRALL	
William Thrall b. 1606 d. 1679 Res. Windsor, Conn.	Mar. Ch. *Timothy* David	b. d. July 30, 1676 "Old Goody Thrall"
Timothy Thrall b. d. 1697 Res. Windsor, Conn.	Mar. Nov. 10, 1659 Ch. *Deborah*, Aug. 18, 1660 Timothy, Dec. 7, 1662 (Capt.) Mehitable, Mch. 1664 (Carter) Elizabeth (Cornish) John, 1669-1670	Deborah Gunn b. Feb. 27, 1641 d. Jan. 7, 1694
John, 1671 Martha, May 21, 1673 (Pinney) Thomas, July 1676 Samuel and Abigail, Feb. 22, 1681		
John Moses III	Mar. July 14, 1680	Deborah Thrall b. Aug. 18, 1660

	BROOK	
Brook b. d. Res.	Mar. Ch.	b. d.
Brook b. d. Res.	Mar. Ch.	b. d.
Joshua Moses II	Mar. at Simsbury	Mary Brook

	GUNN	
Thomas Gunn b. d. Res. Early at Windsor Removed to Westfield, Conn.	Mar. Ch. Elizabeth, Oct. 14, 1640-1655 *Deborah*, Feb. 27, 1642 Mehitable, July 28, 1644 m. Oct, 1663 David Ensign. John, July 8, 1647	b. d.
Timothy Thrall b. d. Res. Westfield, Conn.	Mar. Nov. 10, 1659 Ch. *Deborah*	Deborah Gunn b. Feb. 27, 1641 d. Jan. 7, 1694
John Moses III	Mar. July 14, 1680	Deborah Thrall

See Stiles History Ancient Windsor

TERRY

"Stephen Terry was at Dorchester Mass, 1630, where he mar. cir 1635 ——— who was buried June 1674 (OCR). He was in Windsor 1637, a man of some distinction, juror in 1643. Afterward in Hadley, Mass. His ch. baptized (OCR) 1 Mary b. Dorchester, Dec. 31, 1633, m. Richard Goodman of Hartford Dec. 8 1657, a first settler of Hadley, Mass., killed by Indians 1671 (Col. Recs), at abt 67 died at Deerfield 1692; 2 John b. Windsor, Mch. 6, 1637; 3 Elizabeth, Jan. 4, 1641 m. Phillip Russell of Hadley, June 10, 1665, she and her son Stephen slain by Indians Sept. 1677; 4 Abigail Sept. 1646. Stiles Hist. Ancient Windsor.

"Stephen Terry of Hadley, accompanied Savage 1630. Probably came on the Mary & John to Dorchester, Mass. Adm. freeman 1631. Held office as Constable 1636. Removed to Windsor, Conn. 1660, later moved to Hadley, Mass. Mar. in Dorchester. Lost his wife in Windsor. Died in Hadley, leaving widow Elizabeth. Of his children, John became Lieutenant of local militia. Farmer in Simsbury.

"Children of John Terry and Eliz. Wadsworth. 1, Elizabeth; 2 Stephen; 3, Sarah mar. John Hills; 4 Mary m. ——— Holcomb; 5 Abigail; 6 Samuel; 7 John." "Children of John (II) and Mary Smith Roby: John (III) m. Martha Gridley; Stephen; Mary m. Reuben Slater; Eliz. m. Jos. Hopkins, moved to Duchess Co., N.Y.; Solomon." Goodwin's General Notes.

Hinman: "Terre or Terry, Stephen, one of the first settlers of Windsor, came from England on the St. James, to Mass. Terry, John, probably son of Stephen, united with John Case in settling Simsbury. He owned a mill and left estate £ 518 to widow Elizabeth and son Stephen."

(Moses-Terry line) TERRY

Stephen Terry b. cir 1590 d. Sept. 1668 Res. Hadley, Mass. and Windsor, Conn.	Mar. Dorchester, Mass. Ch. Mary, Dec. 31, 1635-1692 *John*, Mch, 6, 1637/38 Elizabeth, Jan. 4, 1641 Abigail, Sept. 21, 1646-1708	1st ..... b. d. June 1647 in Windsor. 2nd Elizabeth, b. d. 1683 ae 90
John Terry I (Lt) b. 1648 d. 1691 Res. Simsbury, Conn.	Mar. Nov. 27, 1662 in Hartford, Conn. Ch. Elizabeth, Dec. 16, 1663/4 Stephen, Oct. 6, 1666 Mch. 9, 1753 Sarah, Nov. 16, 1668 dead Mch. 27, 1754 Mary, July 19, 1673 dead Mch. 27, 1754 Abigail, 1676 Samuel, 1678 Feb. 11, 1724 *John*, 1684 May 25, 1725 Solomon, Mch. 1685-87 Rebecca, Feb. 27, 1686	Elizabeth Wadsworth b. May 17, 1645 d. Mch. 12, 1715
John Terry II b. 1684 d. May 25, 1725 Res. Simsbury, Conn.	Mar. Ch. *John*, 1715 Apr. 8, 1805 Stephen, 1717 Apr. 3, 1773 Solomon, Mch. 5, 1720 Mary, Oct. 14, 1722 Elizabeth, Feb. 3, 1724 Sarah Rebecca	Mary Smith Roby b. d. who mar. 2nd Jno. Fowler of Farmington, Conn.
John. Terry III b. 1715 d. Apr. 8. 1805 Res. Simsbury, Conn.	Mar. Apr. 9, 1740 Ch. *Abigail*, Jan. 18, 1740 Elizabeth, Aug. 20, 1742 Sept. 5, 1745 Martha Rosanna, Jan. 4, 1747/8 John Gridley, Sept. 22, 1749 Samuel, Feb. 28, 1753 July 29, 1835 Timothy, Jan. 25, 1755 Nov. 10, 1856 Mary, Mch. 6, 1758 Lydia	Martha Gridley b. 1718 d. Aug. 22, 1809
Joshua Moses II b. Feb. 27, 1724 d. June 20, 1795 Res. Norfolk, Conn.	Mar. at Simsbury, Conn.	Abigail Terry b. Jan. 18, 1740 d.

See "Terry Families" by Stephen Terry.

WADSWORTH

"William Wadsworth was in Cambridge, Mass, 1632. Member in Hartford of Mr. Hooker's Church and probably one of the band of pioneers who accompanied Hooker through the wilderness. As he was a member in 1636 it is conjectured that he was a member either in Cambridge, or originally in Chelmsford, Eng. of those who selected Hooker to come to America. Wm. Wadsworth was a widower with one son, John, and either a daughter or sister, Mary. He was in middle life in 1656. He held high offices in town and colony, sustained a high rank with the best Puritan families in Hartford, both in character and wealth. His estate was £1,677. It is not known whether Wm. Wadsworth was allied by consanguinity with Capt. Christopher W., early of Duxbury, or Capt Samuel W., of Milton, killed by Indians 1676. From the character of the men and their lofty bearing, and the family names, it may appear that they originated from some common ancestor in England.

"His son Joseph (Capt.) in the night of 31 Oct. 1687, seized and secured the Charter of Conn., when Sir Edmond Andros came to Hartford in order to wrest it by force from the freemen of the Colony. The important affair, says Trumbull (Hist. Conn. Vol I, p 39) was debated and kept in suspense till evening, when the Charter was brought in and laid upon the table where the Assembly was sitting. By this time great numbers of people were assembled, and men sufficiently bold to enterprise whatever might be necessary or expedient. The lights were instantly extinguished and one Capt. Wadsworth of Hartford, in most silent and secret manner, carried off the Charter and secreted it in a large hollow tree, fronting the house of one, Hon. Saml. Wyllys, one of the magistrates of the colony. The people appeared all peaceable and orderly. The candles were officiously re-lighted; but the Patent was gone, and no discovery of it could be made or of the person who carried it away." Hinman's First Puritan Settlers, p300.

The Charter Oak was standing until not many years ago, I saw it in 1893. Capt. Joseph Wadsworth was younger brother of Elizabeth Wadsworth. (m.m.w.)

(Moses-Terry line) WADSWORTH

William Wadsworth b. d. 1675 Res. Hartford, Conn. Was in Cambridge, 1632	Mar. Mar. July 2, 1644 in Hartford Ch. *Elizabeth*, May 17, 1645-1681/2 Samuel, Oct. 25. 1646-1682 d. s. p. Joseph (Capt.) Thomas, d. 1717, E. Htfd. Sarah Rebecca Mary. (Mar. Long)	1st 2nd Elizabeth Stone b. d. 1681/2 Sister of Rev. Samuel Stone of Hartford, Conn.
John Terry I Mch. 6, 1637/8 d. 1691 Res. Simsbury, Conn.	Mar. Nov. 22, 1662 in Hartford, Conn.	Elizabeth Wadsworth May 17, 1645 Mch. 12, 1715

THE MATTESON AND McDOLE LINEAGES.

Comprising:

Matteson, LeValley, McDole (Maydole, McDowell) Van Valkenburgh, Seger, (Van Voorhout, Egmont), Wheeler, Gardiniere, Van Bremen, Braun, (Brown).

The parents of Thomas Matteson, father of Cyrus, have not been authenticated. Rhode Island families of Mattesons usually include a son Thomas, which seems to indicate a common ancestor. The line of Henry Matteson (1648-1690) would seem in the light of traditions, as probable. Records are found in East and West Greenwich, and Coventry, R.I. Three lines have been given as possible by D. M. Matteson:

1st. Henry 1, John 2, Henry 3, *Thomas* 4, b. Jan. 26, 1766 W. Greenwich, no further dates.

2nd. Henry 1, Hezekiah 2, Abraham 3, (who mar. his cousin Freelove Phillips Nov. 13, 1740/41,) *Thomas* 4, b. Sept. 26, 1756 W. Greenwich.

3rd. Henry 1, Henry 2, Hezekiah 3, (who mar. Mary Sweet 1739, E. Greenwich) *Thomas* 4, b. Aug. 23, 1762.

The Compendium of American Genealogy gives Hezekiah and Mary Sweet as ancestors of Thomas, who married Eunice LeValley, However, page 48 of "The *Ancestry of William Curtis of Mercellus N.Y.*" (Mrs. Lorissa E. Steele) gives "Hezekiah Matteson mar, Mary Sweet. *Their son Thomas*, b. Aug. 23, 1762, mar. Thankful Sweet of R.I., and in 1791, together with bros. Geo. and Peleg, removed to the town of Shaftsbury, Vt. They had 12 ch. the youngest of whom Joshua B. was the father of Gilbert N. b. 1830, who wrote me from N. Bennington, Vt. in 1902 'I am living in the old homestead where my grandfather settled 11 yrs. ago. There was another Thomas Matteson from R.I. who at an earlier date, settled 1/2 m. west of me in Shaftsbury; neither he or my grandfather . . . were able to trace relationship. My father claimed there were six lines of Mattesons in Shaftsbury, that could trace no relationship, yet all had their origin in R.I.' "

A Chicago Genealogist gave this probability: Henry 1, Henry 2, (Mar. Judith Weaver 1694 W.G.) John 3, 1706-1753 (mar. Eliz Hunt, E.G.) Thomas 4, E.G. b. Oct. 23, 1736, *Thomas* 5, b. cir 1762.

Grant Family Hist. p. 86 gives Christopher LeValley Matteson as born at Burlington, Vt. May 10, 1788, d Cortland N.Y. June 30, 1867, son of Thos. & Eunice LeValley Matteson. There are no records of Mattesons in Burlington Vt., but many in Bennington and Shaftsbury, Vt.

Thomas Matteson b. d. Res. Burlington, Otsego, Co. N.Y.	Mar. Ch. Christopher LeValley, May 10, 1788, d. June 30, 1867 Cortland, N.Y. Hiram Eli Elias Thomas *Cyrus* Feb. 7, 1800, Aug. 21, 1870	Eunice LeValley b. d. after 1836
Sally Ann, (Burrill) Eunice (Cately) Sibyl (Ph. Conklin)		Betsey, 1806-Apr. 4, 1894 (Terrill of Bloomfield, O.) Hannah Esther
Cyrus Matteson b. Feb. 7, 1800 d. Aug. 21, 1870 Res. Litchfield, O.	Mar. Jan. 13, 1820 Freetown, Thompkins, Co. N.Y. Ch. Alexander, Jan. 21, 1821, July 26, 1858 Lusetta, Sept. 28, 1822 m. Asa Strait, Litchfield, O. James LeValley, Jan. 11, 1824 d. ae 9 yr. 11 mos. Groton, N.Y. *Horace Elias*, Oct. 11, 1826, Apr. 24, 1904 Rodintha, Aug. 29, 1829, Mch. 27, 1928, (Geo. Peckham) d. Calif Oscar, Oct. 23, 1831	Catherine Maydole b. Sept. 28, 1799 in Scoharie Co. N.Y. d. Dec. 25, 1887 in Litchfield, O.
1st 5 ch. born in Freetown, N.Y. 6-7-8 Groton, N.Y. 9-10 Litchfield, O.		
Jehial Edward, July 1, 1833, Apr. 24, 1872 d. Calif Annah, Apr. 17, 1835, Dec. 2, 1927 d. Calif		Chauncey Trumbull, Jan. 1837, Feb. 3, 1881, Norwalk, O. Lydia Jane, Apr. 16, 1841 d.y.
Horace Elias Matteson b. Oct. 11, 1826 in Freetown, N.Y. d. Apr. 24, 1904 in Seville, O. Res. Seville, O.	Mar. June 9, 1852, Westfield Tp. Ohio Ch. Ida Mozelle Chas. Fremont Claude Lorraine Clifford Virgil Halsey Hulburt Mary Irene David Maydole	Mary Hulburt b. Sept. 25, 1833 in Westfield Tp. Medina Co. Ohio d. Apr. 27, 1929 in Seville, O. ae 95 yrs. 7 mos. 2 days

LeVALLEY

The ancestry of Eunice LeValley has not yet been documented; but the probabilities are given below. Our father said that his grandfather and grandmother Matteson came from Rhode Island, and that Eunice LeValley was of French descent. It is my hope to establish the link between Eunice and Christopher LeValley; but it would be a waste of research not to give the findings as a working basis. The following is from a Manuscript on the LeValley Family in the Rhode Island Historical Society in Providence, with such documents as may be had elsewhere.

LeVALLEY

Peter LeValley b, d. 1757 at Warwick R. I. Res. Warwick R. I. 1727-57 Marblehead, Mass, 1700-27 Channel Is. prior to 1700	Mar. Ch. Peter, (Eliz. Gadsby 1727) John, (Hester) Michal, (Almy Baily 1757) Mary, (Magdalen King) Margaret, (Christopher Beaulier) Sarah, (Peleg Cook)	Sarah b. d.
John LeValley b. d. Res. Warwick, R. I.	Mar. Ch. John, (Bethiah Greene 1781) Cook, (Deborah) Peleg, (Rebecca Northrup 1772) Mary, (Jos. Strait Jr., 1773) James Christopher	Hester b. d.
Christopher LeValley b. d. before 1790 E. Greenwich Res. E. Greenwich, R. I. R. I. Census 1774 gives Christopher's household as 1 female over 16 2 females under 16 1 male over 16 2 males under 16	Mar. Ch. James (Sarah Aylsworth, 1790) Richard	..... b. d.

Thomas and Eunice LeValley Matteson named their first son (1788) Christopher LeValley Matteson. Cyrus, their 6th son, named a son James LeValley Matteson. Cyrus King, of Medina, Ohio, a descendant of Mary LeValley King, eldest daughter of Peter LeValley, spoke of Cyrus Matteson, our grandfather, as his kinsman.

(Matteson-LeValley line) LeVALLEY

Thomas Matteson, b. d. Res. Burlington Otsego, Co, N.Y.	Mar. Ch. Christopher LeValley May 10, 1788 d. June 30, 1869 Cortland, N.Y. Hiram Eli Elias Thomas *Cyrus* Betsey Hannah	Eunice LeValley b. d. after 1836
Esther Sally Ann Eunice, Sibyl		

R. I. Index of Civil and Military lists, pps. 278, 281, 307, name Christopher LeValley as officer, from ensign to Captain of Warwick Colonial Militia, 1768-1774. "In his pension application James Greene (3) states that in 1775 he served in the Militia Company of Capt. Christopher LeValley. Also Daniel Biddlecome in his pension application that he served in the Company of Capt. Christopher LeValley from Warwick in 1775." State Record Commissioner R. I. Herbert O. Brigham, Feb. 18, 1936.

The letter (quoted) by Horace Matteson, says that his grandmother Eunice Matteson came to visit them when they lived in Groton, N.Y. She died soon after they moved to Ohio in 1836. She had a brother living in Lansing, Thompkins Co., N.Y.

The will of Peter LeValley provides for wife Sarah, grandson Peter, sons, Michal and John, daughters, Margaret Beaulier, Mary King and Sarah Cook. (Appanaug, Town Clerk) John LeValley's dau. mar. Joseph Straight. In their migrations to N.Y., and Ohio, the Mattesons were accompanied by Straights. One of these, Asa Strait, married Cyrus Matteson's oldest daughter Lusetta.

McDOLE (Maydole)

Records of the McDole family are given at length following the Lineages. The record of marriage of Alexander McDole and Annah Van Valkenburgh is copied from records of the old *Dutch Reform Church at Lawrenceville, Scoharie Co.,* N.Y. (D.A.R. Lib. Mms. Copy) p 214 Marriages 1790-1882: "Dec. 27, 1796, Alexander McDole, son of George McDole and Hannatie Van Valkenburgh, daughter of Joseph Van Valkenburgh."

Baptisms are recorded of their children in various churches. At *Cobleskill* Oct. 29, 1799 is recorded the baptism of *Catherina*, born Sept. 22, 1799, daughter Alexander Magdole and Annaty Van Valkenburgh. It seems to have been necessary to have children christened at whatever church had a pastor, or wherever itinerant pastors were holding services.

(*Frederick Townroe's Notes on the McDole Family,* D.A.R. Lib.) "George McDole was a Corporal in Capt. Harrison's Co., Lieut. Col. Marinus Willett's Reg. during the Revolution. A certificate in the sum of £ 9, S 11, D 8 was issued on the account of George McDole in Capt. Harrison's Co, 1781. In 1810 the Census records George McDole living in Bethlehem. In 1790 he was living in Watervliet. As there is no later account of him it is possible he followed some of his sons to Courtland Co., N.Y."

Records and accounts of both the McDole and Van Valkenburgh families are in *Pearson's First Settlers of Albany; Munsell's Annals of Albany; Fernow's Albany Records; Hollenback's Historical Fragments,: N.Y. Historical Society Collections for Kinderhook.* etc.

Holland Society Year Book 1923-24 Reform Dutch Church of Albany, Mar. and Baptisms, p 78 (Lib. Congress) "Jan 6, 1773, born the 3rd, Thomas, son of George McDole and Catharina Zeger. Witnesses Thomas and Judike Zeger."

p. 65 "b. Sept. 16, 1778 Alexander of George Dool and Catharina Zeger Witnesses Adriaan and Lydia Bratt."

(Matteson-McDole line) McDOLE, MAYDOLE, McDOWELL

George McDole d. b. after 1790 Res. East Albany, N.Y. born Scotland	Mar. 1772 Ch. Thomas, Jan. 3, 1773 Robert *Alexander*, Sept. 6, 1778 Elizabeth, June 24, 1779 Jacob, June 22, 1781 George 1783 Hugh 1785 (Sally Baker 1807) Maria Catherine, May 21, 1787 John	Catherine Seger (Zeger) b. Jan. 7, 1750 d.
Alexander McDole b. Sept. 6. 1778 d. June 6, 1818 Res. Sharon, Scoharie Co. N.Y., Cincinnatus, N.Y. bur. Texas Valley Cem. Cortland Co., N.Y. (The various spellings were adopted by the children of this family)	Mar. Dec. 7, 1796 Sharon Ch. *Catherine*, Sept. 2, 1799, Dec. 25, 1887 Margareta, 1801 May 14, 1860 (Edwards) Geo. Washington 1802 (spelled McDowell) Joseph Dec. 1803 Jacob David, Jan. 27, 1807, Oct. 14, 1882, Norwich, N.Y. The Hammer Maker Alexander (McDole) LaMotte, Ia James Henry Norwich, Maria, (Totman), Norwich, N.Y. Henry, Norwich, N.Y. Adam, Nov. 1815-Apr. 10, 1818	Annah Van Valkenburgh b. May 29, 1773 d. Jan. 18, 1854 in Cortland, N.Y. Mar. 2nd, Conrad Wilds, 1826, who d. 1854 Annah bur. beside 1st husband, Texas Valley Cem. N.Y.
Cyrus Matteson b. Feb. 7, 1800 d. Aug. 21, 1870 Res. Litchfield, O.	Mar. Jan. 13, 1820 at Freetown, Thompkins Co., N.Y.	Catherine Maydole b. Sept. 2, 1799 d. Dec. 25, 1887

The above dates may be verified Vosburgh's Church Records Vol. 35, p. 123. N.Y. Church and Cemetery Rec. D.A.R. Lib. Vol. 4,—149. Holland Soc. Yr. Bk. 1923 Dutch Ch. Albany Rec. 1772-1779 p. 55. N.Y. Ch. and Cem. Rec. Vol. 35, page 214. Munsells Collections Albany, Vol. 4, p. 145, 149. Also Pearson's Genealogies Albany, pps. 43 and 77.

SEGER

Summary by Frederick Townroe on the McDole Family (D.A.R. Library) *Seger Family: "Catherine Seger McDole* bapt. Jan. 7, 1750, Old Dutch Ch. Kingston, N.Y. dau. Thomas Seger, City Marshal of Albany and his (1st) wife, Josina Wheeler Seger...In Thomas Seger's will, probated Apr. 19, 1809 he mentions only his dau, Catherine Dole and Bridget Courtney...*Thomas Seger* was bapt. Jan. 16, 1726, son of John and Bridget Wheeler Seger, who was bapt. May 10, 1696, the dau. of Robert Wheeler (A young man from R. I. living in Kinderhook in 1720) and his wife Josina Gardiniere Wheeler. John Seger was probably the John Seger born in R.I, 1686. *Josina Wheeler Seger* was bapt. Apr. 4, 1725, dau. Evert Wheeler (Son of Robert and bro. of Bridget) and wife Marie who were mar. Jan. 29, 1748. She was buried Sept. 13, 1753. *Josina Gardiniere Wheeler* was dau. Janse Jacob Gardiniere, a millwright and brewer of Kinderhook, and his wife Sarah Janse Gardiniere, *Jacob Janse Gardiniere* was the son of Jacob Janse Gardiniere, alias Flodder, who came to Albany from the city of Campen, Prov. of Overysel, Holland. He was a carpenter at Bever Wyck (Albany) in 1638. Apr. 3, 1654 he purchased land on the south side of Wall St. New Amsterdam and elsewhere. (See article in New Netherlands Record, Vol. I, p. 1. Also History of Old Kinderhook and Minutes of Court of Renssellaerswyck). His mother's name was Josina. *Sarah Janse Van Bremen* was dau. of Janse Dirckse Van Bremen and wife Aeltie..... *Janse Dirckse Van Bremen* was a gunner in Brazil S.A. in 1657. He was in New Amsterdam as early as Aug. 4, 1639, and was commissioned Skipper on the vessel "Rensselarswyck" on Aug. 26, 1643. In 1751 he owned a farm at Gatskill, which he exchanged for a house in Beverwyck. In 1668 several creditors sued his wife Aeltie for bills owed by her late husband."

Note "That Thomas Seger was a Patriot during the Revolution is proven by the notice issued by the Committee of Albany Co. Mch. 9, 1778 (Ref. N.Y. in the Rev. Supplement, p 140). The Committee will pay any person who furnishes Thomas Seger with an old shift the value thereof on demand. By order of Mat. Visscher."

(Matteson-McDole line) SEGER (ZEGER)

Johannes Seger b. abt. 1690 d. Res. Albany	Mar. June 19, 1719 Albany N.Y. Ch. Evert, bp. 1720, Kingston, N.Y. Hilletie, bp. 1723, Albany Hendrik, bp. 1724, .. *Thomas*, bp. Jan. 16, 1726, Roeloff, bp. 1727 Johannes, bp. 1729	Brechie Wheeler bp. May 10, 1696, in Kingston, N.Y. d.
Albertus, 1733 Hilletie, 1735 Jacob, 1736		Josyntie, bp. 1738
Thomas Seger bp. Jan. 16, 1726 d. Mch. 25, 1808 Res. Kingston, N.Y.	Mar. Jan. 19, 1748 Kingston, N.Y. Ch. Johannes, bp. June 26, 1748 *Catherine*, bp. Jan. 7, 1750 Begie, bp. Oct. 15, 1758 Mar. 2nd, July 12, 1757 Adrianus H. July 27, 1762	Seintje (Josina) Wheeler b. Apr. 4, 1725 Kinderhook, N.Y. d. Sept. 13, 1753 2nd Judith Hogeland
Hadrian Hogeland, Feb. 29, 1764		
George McDole	Mar. 1772	Catherine Seger bp. Jan. 7, 1750 at Kingston, N.Y.

See Mar. and birth Rec. *Dutch Ch. Kingston, N.Y.* Library of Congress.

	WHEELER (Wieler)	
Edward Wheeler b. d.	Mar.	Josina Gardiniere
Evert Wheeler b. Feb. 13, 1704 d.	Mar.	Maria
Thomas Seger b. d. Kingston, N.Y.	Mar. Jan. 19, 1748, Kingston, N.Y.	Seintje Wheeler (Josina)
	GARDINIERE	
Jacob Janse Gardiniere Beverwyck 1638		
Jan Jacob Gardiniere	Mar.	Sarah Van Bremen daughter Jan Dirckson Van Bremen
Edward Wheeler	Mar.	Josina Gardiniere

VAN VALKENBURGH

The following account of the Van Valkenburgh family is the one told by Catherine Maydole Matteson. Her people came from Holland with a company of Dutch who settled in the Mohawk River Valley in Eastern N.Y. When her mother Annah Van Valkenburgh was seven years old, her family had to flee to a fort from a raid of Indians and Tories, only half a mile ahead of the enemy. The mother arranged bedding on the floor of the fort for them to sleep upon. The last thing Annah remembered before falling asleep, was seeing her mother with the other women moulding bullets, while the men were firing through the portholes at the Indians. They had to leave home so hurriedly that she had no time to put on her shoes, but carried them in her hand, and the hickory nuts, which lay thick on the ground, cut her feet. Their religion was the Dutch Reformed. They spoke Holland Dutch.

The History of Chenango and Madison Counties N.Y. (Jas. H. Smith, 1880) has an article about David Maydole, (the brother of Catherine,) of Norwich, N.Y. in which a tribute by him is paid to his mother Annah Van Valkenburgh.

Maydole, page 335. "Mr. Maydole's father was born in East Albany...He served as an apprentice in the shoe-making business. His mother was of Holland descent, and was born in Scoharie Co., daughter of Adam Van Valkenburgh. She was an extraordinary woman, of great energy, method and precision, and left the impress of her character on her sons, six in number, all of whom displayed the same hardy energy, method, firmness and decision which are characteristic of Mr. Maydole."

Copy of inscription on the tomb of John Joseph Van Valkenburgh: "Joseph Van Valkenburgh, born Jan. 10, 1744, died March 28, 1815. Here sleeps the warrior brave." Of his wife: "Magdalena Van Valkenburgh, born July 12, 1742, died Nov. 27, 1814." Many records in the Scoharie Church refer to John Joseph as an active and respected officer of the church, to the time of his death.

(Matteson-McDole line) VAN VALKENBURGH

John Jos. Van Valkenburgh b. Jan. 10, 1744 d. Mch. 8, 1815 Res. Sharon, Scoharie, Co., N.Y. "On the old Cherry Valley Turnpike"	Mar. Apr. 2, 1765 at Sharon Ch. Lana, (Magdalena) 1766 Marie 1767 Eva 1768 Adam 1769-1836 John Joseph 1770-1815 Elizabeth 1772 *Annaty* 1773-1854 Peter 1775 Marie 1777 Margaret 1779 Jacob 1780-1844 Joachim 1782 Henry 1784	Magdalena Braun (Brown) b. July 12, 1742 d. Nov. 27, 1814 Rec. Vol. 34, N.Y. Ch. and Cem. Rec. p. 236-37-38-287 D. A. R. Library
Alexander McDole	Mar. Dec. 27, 1796 Sharon, N.Y.	Annah Van Valkenburgh b. May 29, 1773 d. Jan. 18, 1854 at Cortland, N.Y.

See Ch. records Lawrenceville, Scoharie Co. N.Y. Dutch Reform Ch., Library of Congress, for mar. Alexander McDole son of Geo. McDole and Hannatie Van Valkenburgh, dau. Joseph Van Valkenburgh, Dec. 27, 1796.

St. Paul's Evangelical Lutheran Ch. Scoharie Rec. Marriages, (Lib. Congress—Apr. 2, 1765 Jost Falckenburgh and Magdalena Braun.)

John Jos. Van Valkenburgh is buried at Sharon, N.Y.

The name John Joseph was called by the Dutch "Han Yost" or "Joost."

In "Kinderhook Long Ago," the author, W. H. Winans, warns of a prevailing perversion of names, "Dutchized", such as Stuffle Folloch for Christopher Van Valkenburgh. Phonetic spelling seemed to be the rule, so many versions for the name appear in records : Valk, Falch, Falchenburgh, and others.

BRAUN

Examination of the records of the Evangelical Lutheran Church at Scoharie, N.Y., (Lib. Cong. Vosburgh Vol. I, page 269 on) two *Magdalena Brauns* appear in the registry of those baptized at Cani-Scoharie and Stone Arabia :

Anno, 1754 19th Sunday after Trinity baptized in the Camp. (Records worn out).

Braun	(Adam) Braun
.....	1 Anna Eva Braun, 1743 Oct. 6 (died)
Elizabeth Braun	2 Maria Margareth.
.....Adam	Michel
.....	Johannes
..... d.	Catharina
(Mar) garetha	Elizabeth
(*Mag*) *dalena*	*Magdalena.*
(Eliza) beth	
(Ca)tharina	
Magdalena Braun, the mother.	

(245) Registry of boys and girls at their first communion :
Apr. 19, 1747 Adam Braun, Margareta Braun
1751 July 14, Michel Braun, *Magdalena Braun*, Catharina Braun.
(246) Easter 1756 Conrad Braun, *Magdalena Braun*, Elizabeth Braun.
(247) Easter 1758 Michel Braun, Johannes Braun.

Deaths (233) Feb. 18, 1747 Magdalena Falchenburg, suddenly.
(234) Jan. 12, 1747 Adam Braun.
Oct. 16, 1755 Johannes Braun
July 21, 1776 Widow Maria Braun.
Mch. 1784 Johan Adam Braun and one of his little girls drowned in his own house, on account of a great flood.

(Matteson-McDole line) BRAUN (BROWN)

Jno. Jos. Van Valkenburgh b. Jan. 10, 1744 d. Mch. 8, 1815 Res. Sharon, Scoharie Co. N.Y.	Mar. Apr. 2, 1765 at Sharon,	Magdalena Braun b. July 12, 1742 d. Nov. 27, 1814

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RECORDS CONCERNING THE PETER BROWNE LINE.

Plymouth Court Records, Bradford's History of the Plymouth Colony, Goodwin's The Pilgrim Republic, Hinman's Early Puritan Settlers, Stiles' History of Windsor, Ct., and Conn. Quarterly Vol. 8, No. 2, 547-48, all give substantially the same account of Peter Browne of the Mayflower, to wit: that he came from England on the Mayflower in 1620, young and unmarried. He signed the Compact. He was a carpenter. He mar. cir. 1624 Martha Ford, a widow who came on the Fortune, 1621. They had two daughters, Mary and Priscilla. Peter mar. 2nd, Mary..... They had two sons, John and Peter, the latter born 1632. Peter died 1633 of an infectious fever. His family lived in Duxbury and between 1650-58 removed to Windsor, Conn. John Browne, a brother lived in Duxbury, Mass.

Stiles Hist. of Windsor, Conn. says of Peter: "Peter Brown came to Plymouth in the Mayflower 1620 unmarried. In division of cattle his name with that of Mary and Martha Brown occurs, each receiving a share in the lot. He died 1633. His inventory presented Oct. 4, 1633. The order of court on his estate mentions Mary, his widow and administratrix, aside from £15, settled on his two daughters, received the remainder for the support of her young family.....Peter Brown, the son of the above, born 1632, removed from Duxbury, Mass, married July 15, 1658 Mary (probably dau. Johnathan or Nathan) Gillett. He was admitted to Windsor Church June 22, 1662. Bought in Windsor June 28, 1662 property... He died 1691/2 Estate £408."

Different authorities add details of interest. *Winsor's Hist. of Duxbury, Mass,* p 48 and 64: "The First settlers originally of the Mayflower became subsequently inhabitants of Duxbury: Elder Brewster, Capt. Standish, Alden, Eaton, Peter Browne and Geo. Soule... The children of all the preceding, with the exception of those of Howland and Browne, remained in the town."

Jane G. Austen in one of her novels of New England life, has a story of the hardships encountered by Peter and another young man, when they were lost. Peter is said to have been the only person not ill during the first winter at Plymouth.

From *Plymouth Court Records,* Vol, I and II p. 10 tax list, "Mch. 25, 1633, Peter Browne, 18 shillings. John Browne 9 sh. (P. 28) tax list Mch. 27, 1634 Widow Browne taxed 9 shillings."

P. 17, 1633, 28 Oct. "In this Court, Mary, the late wife of Peter Browne, Dec., who died without will, presented an inventory of the goods and chattels of her said husband, and was referred for administration to 11th of Nov."

P. 18, Vol. I, 11 Nov. 1633. "It is ordered that whereas Peter Browne died without will, having divers children by divers wives, his estate amounting to £ 100 or thereabouts, it is ordered that Mary, his wife, who is allowed the administration of the said Peter, forthwith pay down £ 15 for the use of Mary Browne, dau. of Peter to Mr. John Done of Plymouth, with whom the said Court have placed the said Mary for 9 years, at the end whereof the said John Done is to make good the £ 15 to her, or her heirs if in case she die. Also it is ordered that the said Mary Browne pay into the hands of Mr. Will Gilson £ 15 for use of Priscilla Browne, another daughter of the said Peter, the Court having placed the said Priscilla with the said Will for twelve years.....And for the rest of the estate, the widow having two children by the said Peter, together with her owne 3rd, it is allowed her for bringing up the said children, providing she discharge whatever debt shall be proved to be owing by the said Peter and the legacies given by the Court. For performance whereof she and Mr. Will Brewster bound in £ 200."

Vol. II pps. 10-17. "Mmo. 10th of Oct. 1644, that whereas Mr. John Done had some time since £ XV. the child portion of Mary Browne whom he was to keep and bring up until she should accomplish the age of 17 and should have the use of said £ 15..... the said term being expired, the said John Done hath delivered with the consent of Mary Browne and by order of Court unto John Browne of Duxbury two cowes.....and is by the Court discharged of the said £XV. And the said John Browne is to keep the said cowes and their increase.....until the said Mary shall be marryed or thought fit to marry, whereunto the said Mary hath consented."

P. 89, 1645, 28 Oct. *"Priscilla Browne,* daughter of Peter Browne deceased, having accomplished the term she was to dwell with Wm. Gilson of Scittuate, who was to pay her £XV in the end of her term, now the said Priscilla came into court and hathe chosen John Browne, her uncle, to be her guardian, and to have the placing and disposal of her until the Court shall judge her meete to be at her owne disposal....."

Savage, Gen. Dictionery of the First Settlers of New England, p. 264 "Browne, *Peter of Plymouth,* came in the Mayflower, married two wives and had 2 children by each, says Gov. Bradford. After coming here both of those by the first wife had been married and one of them had 2 ch. when Gov. Bradford wrote in 1650.....He is somewhere called brother of John of Plymouth and both living on the Duxbury side. He died 1633. Standish and Brewster took his inventory 10 Oct. of that year".....Peter, I suppose of Peter of the same, born after 1627, as his name does not appear in the division of cattle that year. He was with Gov. Bradford and 30 others in the 1st purchase of Dartworth in 1652."

"*Peter of Windsor* m. July 15, 1658 Mary, dau. of Johathan Gillett.....The 12 children were named at his death as all living."

The Pilgrim Republic, Goodwin, 1879-378. "*Peter Browne* of the Mayflower. His first wife was Widow Ford of the Fortune. His 2nd was Mary.....by each of whom he had two children, and from one of the latter pair descended "Old John Brown of Ossawatomie" P. 110-12 gives the story of Peter Brown and John Goodman's night of suffering, Jan. 22 and 23, when they were lost.

P. 189. "Standish had under him 20 men. Imagine them drawn up in two ranks. In the first rank is seen Gov. Bradford and Elder Brewster, then came Edw. Windsor and Isaac Allerton, the wise Dr. Fuller, the grave Richard Warren, the robust St. Hopkins, the genial John Howland, that young enthusiast John Alden and then Peter Browne, the ancestor of John Brown of Ossawatomie....."

P. 294. "June 1, 1627. The 8th lot fell to Saml. Fuller, and his Co. joined to him, his wife Bridget Fuller, Saml. Fuller, Mr. Peter Browne, Martha Browne, Mary Browne, John Ford, Martha Ford."

Genealogical and Family Hist. of Conn. Cutter p. 617.
"Brown line.

Peter Brown (1) immigrant ancestor.....born England, came in the Mayflower 1620. He was unmarried when he came but within the next 13 yrs. had married twice.....It is supposed that the first wife was Martha, that Mary and Priscilla were her dau. and the two mentioned by Gov. Bradford as married in 1650. In 1644 dau. were placed in care of their uncle John Brown, a leading citizen of Duxbury, Mass. Peter Brown d. before Oct. 10, 1633 and his estate was settled by the Court Nov. 11, 1633.....He had other children among whom was Peter, mentioned below:

"Peter (2) son of Peter (1) Brown, b. 1632. He settled at Windsor, Conn. and lived to be nearly 60."

Genesis of the White Family, (E. S. White, 1920) p. 237: *"John Brown*, brother of Peter Brown (23rd of the list of signers of the Mayflower Compact) became acquainted with the Pilgrims at Leyden, Hol. prior to 1620. The time of his migration has been fixed at about 1630. He is said to have been a son of Thomas and a great-grandson of Anthony Brown, and was born in England. John Brown was a resident Duxbury in 1636. In 1634 he was made a Freeman and in 1636 was assistant to the Governor, an office which he held by annual election for 17 years. He was a grand pioneer in the settlement of towns on the west of Plymouth. His name is found among the purchasers of Taunton in 1637, and he, with Miles Standish, erected bounds around the purchase in 1640. Thither he probably removed with his family before 1643, for among the males subject to military duty in that year, his name stands first, followed by that of his two sons, Jas. and John. During the same year he was one of the company to purchase Rehoboth, and his interest in that township was largest of any, amounting to £600 Sterling.....In 1645 John Brown Sr. became sole proprietor of the section known by the Indians as Wannamoisett and W. neck (Now Bullock's Pt. and Riverside R. I.) which

originally included the present towns of Rehoboth and Swansea, with a large portion of Barrington and the S. part of Seakonk and E. Providence.....In 1643 the colonies of Plymouth, Mass., Conn. and New Haven united under a common confederacy styled the United Colonies of New England, for their common defense and welfare. Each colony sent two commissioners to the meetings of this body and John Brown represented Plymouth Colony twelve years. He died in Wannamoisett Apr. 10, 1662; his wid. Dorothy in Swansea, 1673, Ch.: Mary Brown, m. Capt. Thos. Willett, John Brown, m. Lydia Buckland, Jas. Brown....." (Ref. N. E. Genealogies, p. 290).

Redpath's Life of John Brown (1860 Boston: Thayer & Eldredge.)

Among the group of godly exiles who knelt at Plymouth Rock on the 22nd of Dec., 1620 was an unmarried English Puritan, *Peter Brown*.....He died in 1633, *Peter Brown II* was born 1632. A monument in the Churchyard of Windsor. Conn. is his only biography, It tells us that he married Mary Gillett in 1658 and died Oct. 16, 1692. He had four boys. The second born, John Brown, mar. Eliza Loomis 1682, and had eight daughters and three sons. The eldest was his name-sake John 2nd, who had seven girls and two boys. The first born son John (3) died 1790 ae 90.

"John 3rd. b. Nov. 14, 1728 mar. Hannah Owen and was father to John (4). Frederick Owen and Abiel, and honored grandfather of *Capt. John Brown* (5), hero of Kansas and Harper's Ferry. *John 3rd* at the outburst of the Revolution was chosen Captain of the West Simsbury, (now Canton) train band 1776 and joined the forces of the Continental Army at New York, commissioned May 23, 1776. After two months service he fell victim of a prevailing epidemic of the camp and died at 48 yrs. His body was buried in the Highlands on the West bank of the East River. On a marble monument in the graveyard of Canton Center, this inscription may be seen :

"In memory of Captain John Brown, who died in the Revolutionary Army at New York, Sept. 3, 1776. He was of the fourth generation in regular descent from Peter Brown, one of the Pilgrim

Fathers who landed from the Mayflower at Plymouth, Mass, Dec. 22, 1620."

For Simsbury members of the Brown family, and the Moses family, see Phelps' *History of Simsbury, Granby and Canton;* (pamphlet); *Genealogical Hist. and Short Sketches of W. Simsbury,* Conn., Abiel Brown, 1856, (reproduced 1899), p. 14, for acct. of Peter Brown of Plymouth and Windsor; Barber's *Conn. Hist. Coll. 124; Winsor's Hist Duxbury, 62.*

Aspersions have been made amounting to denials, of the truth of the family-records handed down that Peter Brown of the Mayflower was the father of Peter Brown of Windsor. I have seen the assertion; but never any proofs that our record is incorrect. The character of the men in their respective environments as it is set forth in local histories,—ministers, and deacons and patriots in a State where truth was not lightly departed from, —is open for examination. Whether men of such high character would claim a descent not true, is scarcely credible.

THE MATTESON FAMILY.

The only early history of the Matteson family I have found, is in "The Greene Family and Its Branches" by Lora LaMance, 1904. Her sources are not set down in my notes. The Greenes, LeValleys and Mattesons were intermarried, so Mrs. LaMance gives Chapters to the latter two families. p. 265. "Matteson is derived from Matheson, a sub clan of the royal *siol clann* (great seed or royal clan) of McAlpine. This clan united in its blood two rival royal lines, that for hundreds of years had divided Scotland's territory between them. From 55 B.C. to A.D. 448 the Romans held England as a conquered province, but North Britain resisted and harassed them. It was held by a Celtic people originally from the Orkney Islands. The historian Dion Cassius speaks of the annoyance the Emperor Severus received, A.D. 208, from the *Maealtae* in the vicinity of Hadrian's Wall, a fortified rampart 180 miles long, built to keep the barbarians off Roman territory. Severus lost 40,000 men trying to overcome the Caledonians and this tribe. This is the first mention of the Maealtae, presumably the nucleus of the Matheson clan. The Romans later gave the name of Picts to all N. Britain tribes, including the Maealtae. After the Romans left Britain, 440, Picts plundered the Britons, who appealed to the Saxons in Germany to help them. The Saxons came, sent the Picts about their business and gobbled up Britain for themselves. With them began England and English history.....

"The Mathesons were a sub clan of Clan McAlpine. Their tradition has ever been that they were of markedly royal blood: their name means 'sons of heroes' and is apparently derived from the obsolete term of Maealtae itself. The seat of the Matheson Clan is supposed to have been in the highlands of Rosshire in N. Scotland. They had their own clan music and their bag-pipers played as they rushed into battle with a wild *cathghairn*, or battle cry *"Dail acha'n da thear nae!"* "The field between two hills." This was their clan rendezvous, a valley plain where they always assembled to muster for warfare, for the Mathesons believed ill-luck would attend them did they muster elsewhere. They had their own tartan plaid.

"After the Reformation the Clan embraced the most straight-laced Presbyterianism. Under James I, about 1608, a great migration of the Scotch to Ulster, N. Ireland, took place.* Some of that branch of the family were in the number. It was two grandsons of these emigrants that came to New England in the early days, and whose descendants are now so numerous. One of them came to R. I. probably in 1668. This was Henry Matteson, born in Ireland Oct. 1646. He married Hannah Parsons and became the head of a large line that has largely intermarried with the House of Greene.....A large part of the Josiah Matteson line adopted the spelling and pronunciation Mathewson. Pres. Jas. Madison was of Scotch Irish ancestry also. At the time of his election, a part of the family, because he was the most eminent of the blood, adopted that form of the name in compliment to him. But Matteson, Mathewson and Madison all are of the same general descent.....A James Matteson came to R. I. before 1650, whose descendants are still about Newport.....supposed to have been the uncle to Henry Matteson.

"Many have asked for a genealogical table of the Mattesons. I will give the men of the family for three generations. Almost any of the Mattesons can trace their ancestry back to Revolutionary times."

On p. 117 Mrs LaMance refers to the Parsons family: "Hugh Parsons was born 1613 in Gr. Torrington (Farrington ?) Eng. the town that has been called the hot-bed of Puritanism, from which the Hills, Westcotts, and some of the Waites came, also. He came to Mass. in 1630 and lived there for 20 years. His first wife and her children all died and he married, 2nd, Eliz. England, young widow of Wm. Their oldest dau. was Hannah, who married Henry Matteson and became the foremother of all the Mattesons."

"Record of Henry Matteson family. Henry, b. Ireland 1648, d. 1690. Was of Prudence Island, Dec. 28, 1677. (Prov. town recs. Vol. 15, 176) signs name *Heneree.* Mar. Hannah Parsons, dau. Hugh and Eliz. (Hannah mar. 2nd 1693 Chas. Hazleton.) Children of Henry (1) and Hannah Matteson:

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*This was a forced migration. Many McDowells migrated to Ireland at the time. M.M.W.

Henry 2. (Capt.) b. 1672 d. 1752, mar. Judith Weaver, b.....d. 1751. Ch. Judith, 1694, Henry, 1696. Johnathan 1701, Mary 1704, John 1705, Sarah, 1709, Jas. 1712, Eliz. 1714, Ebenezer 1718, Hezekiah.....

Thomas 2. d. 1740 mar. 1695 Martha Shipee of David and Marg. Scranton. Ch. Deliverance, 1696, Elizabeth 1700, Thos. 1702, Joseph 1705, Henry 1707, Mercy.....

Joseph 2. d. 1758, mar. 1st, Rachel Weaver, 2nd, Martha Greene, Ch. Jos. 1707, Obadiah, Johnathan, William, Alice (Whitford), Eliz., Thomas, John, Ezekiel, Lois, Eunice.

Francis 2, b. 1680 d. 1750, Mar. 1712 Sarah Nichols of Richard and Phoebe, Ch. Sarah (Cory), John 1704, Hannah (Whitford), Francis, Henry, Thomas, Job, Phoebe, (Greene) Eliz. Jane, unm.

Hannah 2.

Hezekiah 2. b. 1702, d. 1752 mar. Marg. Westcott of Zerobabel and Jane. (E. and W. Greenwich) (In his will mentions Abraham, Amos, Zorobabel, Samuel, Catherine and Ann. 1752.)

Abraham (3) mar. his 2nd cousin Freelove Phillips of John, Nov. 13, 1741. Ch. John, (4) Abraham, Daniel, Thomas, born Sept. 26, 1756, W. Greenwich, R. I.

Grant Family History (A. H. Grant) gives history of Christopher LeValley Matteson, oldest brother of Cyrus Matteson, and lists his descendants in Central N.Y. He was born Burlington, Vt. (q.v.) son of Eunice LeValley and Thos. Matteson, May 10, 1788, Mar. 1st Anna Grant, 2nd Lois Huntley. He resided Freetown Corners, Cooperstown, 1818, Bainbridge, Cincinnatus, Solon, and McGraw, and died June 30, 1867 in Cortland N.Y. It seems likely that Eunice, his mother, after she became a widow, may have spent considerable time with this eldest son. Cortland Court House would be a place for research. His children are given as Darius, died LaPorte Ind. 1848; Cyrus French, res. Cortland, N.Y.; Julia Ann, died Freetown, 1880 mar. Elias Underwood of Brainbridge; Lorenzo, d. Indiana, 1865; Permelia mar. Henry Owen, res. Freetown; Christopher G. d. 1868, Moline, Ill; Nancy Matilda, mar. Edwin Terry, d. 1894; Annette mar. Schuyler Hunter, of Cortland, s.p.; Eunice, mar. Lewis Thompson, McGraw, N.Y.; Perlina Jane, mar. Benj. Nerggren, d. McGraw, 1879, res. Syracuse.

Matteson names in Gravestone Records, Shaftsbury, Vt.
(Library at Bennington)

Figures denote public cemeteries, and letters, private cemeteries.

1. Shaftsbury Cemetery near Baptist Church.
2. ,, ,, half mile south of Ry. Station.
3. Maple Hill Cemetery, E. S. North.
4. Joseph Wait Cemetery, E. S. Center.
5. North Bennington Cemetery 1/2 mile S. of Ry. Station.
6. S. Hollow Cemetery, W. of Shaftsbury Center.

A. Aylesworth ground, W. S. Center, few roads n. of Mr. Bouplou's.

E. Elwell ground, E. S. in the pasture 1/4 mile E. of main road and visible from it.

F. Fuller ground, W. S. of Center in a field a few roads W. of Mr. Bouplou's, enclosed in a wood fence.

Names of those born 1800 and before

3	Asahel	1772-1816	
	Esq. Henry...	1756-1823	
3	Mrs. Abigail, wife of Francis M.	1750-1817	
F	Annis wife of Job...	1794-1831	
5	Mrs. Asenath wife of Reuben ...	1792-1823	
F	Caleb	1763-1820	
5	Charlotte wife of Elder Isaiah ...	1780-1844	("Elder" the old
2	Clarissa wife of Jeremiah ...	1792-1863	Baptist term
5	Daniel son of Thomas & Sarah	1777-1787	for Reverend)
1	David Esq....	1782-1859	
3	Dinah wife of Henry	1756-1837	
3	Elijah	1798-1829	
F	Enos	1792-1830	
1	Eunice wife of David, Esq. ...	1776-1840	
3	Francis Jr....	1792-1814	
3	Esquire Francis	1747-1814	
5	George Jr.	1777-1823	

1	Hiram d. Jan. 18, 1879 ae 79 yrs.	1799-1879	
5	Mrs. Lucy wife of Thomas Jr. ...	1795-1824	
3	Lydia wife W. H.	1795-1865	
5	Mrs. Mary, wife of Hezekiah ...	1720-1808	In 88th yr. (d. Feb.
3	Mrs. Mary E. wife of Asahel ...	1770-1849	27, 1808)
1	Lieut. Nathan	1770-1812	
5	Peleg A.	1748-1833	
1	Peter	1753-1825	
3	Capt. Peleg...	1748-1837	
1	Esquire Peter	1787-1853	
1	Phoebe wife of Peter	1762-1796	
1	Phoebe wife of Isaac	1793-1829	
3	Richard	1762-1792	
F	Polly wife of Jared	1799-1876	
F	Rosanna wife of Solomon ...	1770-1849	
F	Ruth daughter Reuben & Sarah	1795-1816	
F	Ruth wife of Jeremiah	1741-1831	ae 90
5	Sally, daughter of Thomas and Thankful	1793-1811	
5	Mrs. Sarah relict of Deacon Thomas	1749-1823	
F	Samuel	1796-1820	
F	Solomon	1766-1845	
3	Susanna wife of Capt. Peleg ...	1751-1834	
6	Thankful wife Thomas	1763-1827	
5	Thomas son of Henry & Dinah	1791-1797	
5	Deacon Thomas	1742-1809	
5	Thomas	1762-1833	
5	Thomas	1791-1862	
5	Mr. Zerubbabel	1726-1799	
5	Zerubbabel son of Peleg and Patience	1787-1803	
	Asa	1785-1879	In his 94th yr.
5	Eunice wife of Reuben	1795-1866	
5	Mary wife of George Jr... ...	1778-1823	
5	Patience wife of Peleg	1759-1859	In her 100th yr.
5	Rachel wife of Asa	1787-1849	
5	Reuben	1799-1869	
3	Richard	1762-1792	

A Century of Population 1790-1900 U. S. Bureau of Census.

Mattesons, all spellings, Matson, Mathewson, Matterson, Mathison, etc.

Heads of families 1790, 176, all others 1012; average size of family 6 and 8.

	Heads		Heads
Maine...	0		
New Hampshire ...	1	New York	17
Vermont	34	Penn.	22
Mass.	1	Maryland	1
Rhode Island	75	Virginia	6
Conn.	17		

Vermont Census of 1790 Heads of families.

Matterson	David	Mattison	Henry
	Dyer	Matteson	Henry
	Francis		James
Matteson	Amos		James
	John		John
Mattison	Abell		Joshua
	Abraham, Jr.		Peleg
	Amos		Petter
	Benijah		Philip
	Calvin		Richard
	David		Richard
	David		Samuel
	David		Samuel, Jr.
	Edward		Thomas
	Francis		Thomas
	Francis		William
			Zerrubabel

New York Census of 1790 Heads of Families.

Mathewson	Joshua	Matteson	Exit	Matteson	John
	Timothy		Ezekiel		Philip
Matteson	Daniel		Henry		Shubael
	Daniel		Isiah		William
	David		Job		

In New York Census 1790

Matteson	Daniel	... 1	2	3	Cambridge town Albany Co.
	David	... 2	1	5	Stephentown, Albany Co.
	Ezekiel	... 1	1	4	Halfmoon town, Albany Co.
	Isaiah	... 3	3	10	Hoosick town, Albany Co.
	John	... 3	0	2	,, ,, ,,
	Shubel	... 2	2	2	Saratoga town ,,
	Exit	... 1	1	3	,, ,, ,,
Matheson	Timothy	... 2	1	3	Stephentown, Albany Co.
	Joshua	... 2	4	6	Hebron town, Washington Co.
Matteson	Daniel	... 1	0	0	Salem town ,,
	Henry	... 1	1	1	Argyle ,,
	William	... 3	4	5	Kingsbury town ,,
	Philip	... 2	0	3	Canaan town, Columbia Co.

Matteson Families in Rhode Island Census of 1774.

Males over 16, under 16, Females over 16, under 16

In West Greenwich

Matteson	Johnathan	...	1	0	5	0	John	...	1	0	2	1
,,	,, Jr.	...	2	3	2	2	Job	...	1	1	1	2
	David, son of Johnathan	...	1	2	1	2	David	...	2	3	1	0
							Josiah, Jr.	...	2	2	1	0
	Henry	...	1	1	1	3	Job	...	1	1	1	1
	Richard	...	1	1	1	4	John, son Jas.		1	3	1	3
	Nathan	...	1	3	2	4	Thomas	...	1	1	1	1
	Martha	...	0	0	2	0	George	...	1	1	1	5
	Ezekiel	...	1	0	1	1	Johnathan son of Jas.		3	1	1	3
	William	...	1	0	1	5						
	Edmund		1				John Jr.	...	2	1	1	4
	James	...	1	0	1	0	Abraham	...	2	0	1	4
	Uriah	...	1	2	1	2	Abraham	...	1	0	1	2
	Rufus	...	1	0	1	1	John son Abraham	...	1	1	1	1
	Abel	...	1	2	1	0						
	Silas	...	1	1	1	3	Josiah	...	4	2	2	2

In Coventry

Joseph	...	1	3	1	5	Thomas Jr.	2	1	1	1
Sarah	...	1	1	1	1	Pesila	1	1	3	3
John	...	1	2	1	2	Benjamin	1	1	2	0
Thomas		3	3	2	4	Thomas	3	5	4	3
Johnathan		3	1	2	1	Joseph	2	3	2	1

1st United States Census, 1790

In West Greenwich

Mathewson Josiah	...	3	0	3	Johnathan	3	1	5	
John	...	3	1	5	David	...	3	3	8
Johnathan		1	0	0	Edmund	2	5	3	
Job	...	2	0	0	Nathan	2	2	3	
Ezekiel	...	2	2	6	Nathan Jr.	1	1	0	
William		2	0	2	Bowen	1	0	2	
Obadiah		1	4	3	Henry	...	2	1	3
Thomas		1	1	3	Warner	1	1	1	
Uriah	...	2	2	5	Oliver	...	1	2	2
Silas	...	3	5	5	David	...	3	3	2
Rufus	...	2	3	6	Josiah Jr.	2	2	1	
Abel	...	2	2	2	Thomas	3	1	3	

In Coventry

Daniel	...	3	3	5	Richard	2	1	3	
Nicholas		1	3	3	Eleazer	2	2	3	
Thomas		2	3	3	Johnathan	3	1	3	
Benjamin		2	2	6	Stephen	1	2	3	
Joseph	...	6	0	5	Thomas	3	2	5	
David	...	1	1	3	Moses	...	4	1	3
Solomon		2	2	2	Joseph	...	3	0	6
Johnathan		2	2	2	Nancy	...	0	1	2
Thomas		2	1	4	Benjamin	1	1	2	

In Warwick

Richard	...	4	2	5

PETER LeVALLEY.

Peter LeValley left France because of a revival of religious persecution toward Protestants. He came first to Marblehead, Mass, about 1700, where his residence is well attested by civil and religious records. From there he removed in 1727 to Warwick, R. I. where he lived until 1727. His will is on record in the Appanaug Town Clerk's office, filed in 1757. In it he provides for wife, Sarah, grandson Peter, and sons Michal and John; daughters Margaret Beaulier, Mary King and Sarah Cook.

Mrs. LaMance in her *History of the Greene Family*, credits him with an earlier wife, Suzannah, and other children. He had, she says, two sons, Peter Jr. and David, who preceded him to America, ship-masters. "Peter Vallais, for so he wrote his name, became an intimate friend of Peter Faneuil, who built the famous Faneuil Hall and presented it to Boston. He was not only Faneuil's ship-master, but was considerably trusted by him in important commercial transactions. One of the sons, possibly that Peter or David, but more probably a younger son newly from France, went to what was known as the Royal Grant, in Vermont, a new region just being opened up. He remained there and the Vermont line of LeValleys still continues..... The other LeValleys remained in France.....At a part of Warwick called Cowesett Rev. Jas. McSparran, a noted Episcopal minister had established a mission hurch.....The genial doctor, a cultivated and brainy man. became a warm friend of Peter LeValley and remained so until the latter's death in 1756. The old Frenchman was buried in the mission graveyard at Warwick. The church was swept away in a storm."

The home of Peter LeValley is standing in Warwick, a commodious, pleasant place. Some of his descendants own it and live within a short distance of it. The *History of the Narragansett Church* by Willis Updike. has references to Peter,—"Mr. LeValley," as sponsor to several grandchildren at christening. "The LeValley family of Warwick and Coventry is of French Protestant origin, but unconnected with the Hugenot settlers in Frenchtown, E. Greenwich. The founder of the family in America is believed to

have been born in the Channel Islands. It is almost certain that he landed in Marblehead, Mass, where, about 1700, he was in the fishery business. He seems to have been there in 1726-27 at the time of the arrival of Rev. George Piggott to become rector of St. Michael's Church. In Nov. 1727 he exchanged his house and large lot in the town, for a tract of land belonging to Mr. Piggott near the junction of the N. and S. branch of the Pawtuxett, called by that gentleman, 'Mt. Eagle.' Mr. LeValley appears to have removed immediately after this transaction to R. I., and continued to live upon the estate until the time of his death in 1757. His wife was named Sarah, and probably came with him from the Channel Islands. He had at least six children, Peter, John, Michal, Mary, Margaret and Sarah. Mr. LeValley, having been an attendant at St. Michael's at Marblehead, promptly upon his arrival in Warwick identified himself with the new Church at Cowesett (or Coeset)..... So extensive were the lands of the LeValleys in those days that they were said to embrace 'all that you can see.' "

A sketch of the earlier history of the LeVallais family is given in Mrs. LaMance's book. As the book seems unobtainable, excerpts of this Chapter are given as follows:

(P. 148). "The LeValleys. After the Roman Empire fell..... Gaul was then conquered by the Franks. Their chiefs were Counts, petty kings in all but name, making their own laws, waging private wars.....Very proud, haughty and overbearing were these heads of Frankish houses. One of the proudest was the house of de la Valle, once the second most powerful family in France. They were the autocrats of the valley of the river Loire, the chief river of France.....they chose their surname de la Valle, as though they alone were *the* family of that great waterway.....A thousand years brought many changes to the name. It is spelled variously Valle', Vallee, de la Val, de la Valan, La Valliere, Le Valley. LaValley, della Valle in Italian, DeLaveleye in Belgian and DeOvalle and deOvaglie in Spanish.....From the great dukes to the poorest untitled one of the name they were proud of their old blood, and of the special privileges that France granted them, up to 1792, when in the Reign of Terror, all these were abolished, and their

records burned. The present Queen of Holland and Emperor William of Germany were proud, it is said, to have the blood of this house in their veins. It came to them through their famous ancestor William of Orange, who married Louise, daughter of Admiral de Coligny and his wife Charlotte de la Vall. No brighter name is on the pages of France's heroes. He owed his fame as the dauntless leader of the oppressed Hugenots to his wife's influence. In the presence of the whole village, she arose, and with deep emotion, declared her belief in the reformed faith, and that though it might cost her wealth, position and life itself, she would cast in her lot with the people of God. He was so moved that he followed her example. At once he became a leader. For twelve terrible years he fought at the cannon's mouth to win a right for the people to worship God after their own conscience. Tricked by a false truce into Paris, he was one of the first of the 30,000 victims slain in the massacre of St. Bartholomew's Day, Aug. 24, 1572."

From a rare book called *Hugenot Pedigrees* Mrs. LaMance sent me the following descent of *Peter LeValley,* (Pierre de la Valois or Vallais) "Admiral Theodore Agrippina d'Aubigne Count d'Aubigne in the time of Henry IV of France. He married Susanne de Lexcy.

One daughter was the mother of Madame de Maintenon, privately married to Louis XIV of France.

Two sons staid in France

One son went to Virginia. His granddaughter married..... Taylor. Their son was Zachery Taylor, 12th President of the U. S.

1 Louise Athenisie married 1610 Benjamin de la Valois (Vallais).

2 Philip de la Vallais, Marquis de la Villette

3 Jean

4 Pierre (Peter) died 1756 in Warwick, R. I.
He married twice. One wife was Sarah.

5 Benjamin, (5) Jean, Philip, Paul, Marie (Le Roi, King)"

The International Encyclopedia names Theodore's *son Constant* as father of Madame de Maintenon. Of her it says "Marquise de Maintenon, second wife of Louis XIV, was daughter of Constant D'Aubigne, and granddaughter to Theodore Agrippa d'Aubigne, the famous Protestant Champion.....She received to the end of her life the honors of a King's widow."

"*Theodore Agrippa D'Aubigne* (1550-1630). A Protestant historian, poet, soldier, born near Saintonge, France, Feb. 8, 1550. He was educated at Geneva. Latin, Greek and Hebrew were familiar to him from his earliest youth, and at seven years of age he is said to have made a translation of Plato's Crito. His father had inspired him with an enthusiasm for the Hugenot cause, and he was present at the siege of Orleans, when the elder D'Aubigne was slain. The son played a prominent part in the religious wars preceding the accession of Henry of Navarre. Though opposed to that prince's conversion, he consented to serve him, and was made vice-admiral of Guienne and Brittany. D'Aubigne was famous for his rough wit and frank speech, and he did not hesitate to use the most outspoken sarcasm against the King and other members of the royal family. The assassination of Henry IV in 1610 caused D'Aubigne to retire to his estates, and later he took up his residence in Geneva. There he employed himself in literary work and in furthering the cause of Protestantism in every way possible. His last years were embittered by the conduct of his son Constant, who betrayed the trust reposed in him by the Hugenots."

The lineage from Peter LeValley to Christopher is given in the page facing the LeValley lineage, with the indications which point to him as the father of Eunice LeValley Matteson. There is a possibility Eunice may belong to the family of the son of Peter who went to Vermont Royal Grant. Mrs. LeMance refers to David and Peter, while the *Pedigrees* (above) refer to Benjamin, Jean; (the *John* of R. I., father to Christopher) Philip and Paul. In R. I. remained beside John, a Michal and the descendants of "son Peter."

Statistics regarding Christopher LeValley end at the 1774 R. I. Census with the exception of 1790 when the marriage record of Christopher's son James to Sarah Aylsworth is recorded: "James son of Christopher deceased of Warwick." *R. I. Index of Civil and Military Lists,* (278,281,307) gives Christopher as Ensign, to Capt. (in 1774). Military records of R. I. are reported to have been sent to N.Y. for safe-keeping, during the Revolution, and the boat which carried them, as having been sunk by the British.

John LeValley, [John (2) Peter (1)], the brother of Christopher, had a son Christopher, and the descendants of John and this Christopher have many descendants in N.Y. State and Michigan, named Christopher.

The life of James LeValley, son of Christopher (3) John (2) Peter (1) is given p. 129 in *Arthur Aylsworth and his Descendants.* He was buried in Cold Springs Cemetery near Lockport, N.Y. ae 72. Ch. who survived, were Gardner, Sarah Caroline, George Thomas and John Cook.

See Vital Statistics of R. I. (Arnold) Records in the Library of the R. I. Historical Society at Providence; and History of Warwick, R. I.

R. I. Census 1774, in Warwick.

	Males above 16,	under 16,	females over 16,	under 16
John LeValley	2	2	1	1
Christopher LeValley ...	1	2	1	2
Michal LeValley	1	3	1	4

1st Census of the U.S. in R. I. 1790

Levally Benjamin	1	0	4	
Levally Joseph	1	3	2	
Levolly John	1	0	0	4
,, Amey	1	0	0	4
,, William	1	1	2	
Levolly Peter	3	0	5	

U. S. Census 1790 New York, Saratoga town

	Heads of families.	Under 16 males,	females
LeVally Cook	1	4	3
LeVally John	1	5	5

New York *Watervliet town*
Albany Co.

Lavally John	1	3	2

Oyster Bay town, Queens Co.

LaVallor, John...	1	0	1

U. S. Pension Roll for New York State

Otsego Co. LeVally private, New York Militia. Nov. 6, 1833, Mch. 4, 1831 ae 72

Scoharie Co. LeVally Peleg, private R. I. Militia. June 18, 1833, March 4, 1831 aged 74.

U. S. Pension Roll for R. I. 1835

P. 345, LeValley Wm. ae 75 Private, Kent Co. All $60.00 recd. 180 R. I. Militia pl. May 15, 1833 Com. Mch. 4, 1833 (?)

LeValley Phoebe, 78 Warwick.

LeValley Vital Records in Marblehead, Mass.

Marriages in Episcopal Church Records:

La Vallier, (LeVally) daughter of Pierre, *Margaret and Christopher* Bubier, Oct. 30, 1726.

Peter and Elizabeth Yabsley, Dec. 3, 1727.

LeVally, *Elizabeth and Andrew Lee*, Jan. 15, 1739.

Births Episcopal Church rec. *Mary, daughter Peter* and Elizabeth, bp. Aug. 23, 1730, St. Michael's Church.

Peter, son of Peter and Elizabeth, bp. Oct. 13, 1728.

No further births, deaths or marriages were recorded.

McDOLE AND VAN VALKENBURGH FAMILIES.

The following record was given to her son George by Irene McDowell Isbell the daughter of George McDowell, (brother of Catherine), son of Alex. and Annah V. V. McDole. Irene was born in 1824 and lived near to her grandmother Annah V. V. McDole Wilds until 1849 when she migrated to Iowa with her husband. Different children of Alexander McDole's family spelled their names Maydole and McDowell.

"Anna Van Valkenburgh, my mother's grandmother, on her father's side, was born May 29th, 1773 in Scoharie County, N.Y. Her people came from Holland, with a company of Dutch who settled in the Mohawk Valley in Eastern New York. She had several brothers, among whom were William, Adam, Peter, Joakim, Henry, Jacob, Joseph and others whose names I do not remember. She had two sisters, Magdalene, (called Lena, for short), and Elizabeth.

"When Anna was seven years old, the Indians and Tories, (who were warring with the Colonies during the dark days of the Revolution) were after them. They took bedding and clothing, tied them up in large coverlets. The father and brother Will (the oldest) put their head and one arm through where it was tied, and let the bulk of it fall over their backs. On the top of a bundle they sat a child. The mother carried the baby in her arms, the rest of the children walked, barefooted, each carrying what they could, and rushed toward the fort, which was seven miles away. Anna said she remembered well going through a hickory grove where the ground was white with nuts, and how it made their feet bleed from walking over them. Also how badly she wanted to pick up some to eat,—but her father would not allow her to pick up even one, but made them rush for their lives, reaching the Fort only one-half mile in advance of their enemies. When they reached the Fort their mother arranged the bedding for the children to sleep. Anna said the last thing she remembered before going to sleep was seeing her mother and other women moulding bullets, and the men firing on the enemy through the port-holes.

"Jacob Van Valkenburgh, Anna's brother, used always to have his family stand around the table before commencing the meal. He then invoked the blessing, after which they sat and ate their meal. At the conclusion of the meal they all arose and he again gave thanks. This was the custom of their fathers before them. My mother remembers seeing this brother Jacob. One incident Anna told my mother, was that they were vaccinated by taking the scab from genuine small-pox and injecting the virus into the arm. Then they had genuine small-pox, but in a milder form. They dieted on butter-milk, seeking to keep the blood cool and pure as possible.

"Anna also related another incident that occurred during the Revolutionary War. Her Uncle's family was captured by the Indians and Tories. Her uncle was sharpening an ax. His son was turning the grindstone. He fought them, so that they chopped him down with a tomahawk. The father and another son they took prisoners. The baby cried so hard that they took it from the mother and dashed its brains out against a tree. After some time the Father and Son made their escape, but were not together. The father had lived so long on herbs, roots and bark that he was a mere skeleton, so that one of his neighbors who was out after his sheep, seeing him on the opposite bank of the creek, was afraid to reply, fearing that he might be an enemy. But finally after her Uncle had called so long and piteously, the neighbor went to his relief. When her uncle smelled the odor of food he fainted away, —he being so nearly starved. They fed him buttermilk whey until he was able to eat solid food. The son's return was more favorable, although he too had a great experience.*

"Anna Van Valkenburgh was married to Alexander McDowell. Alexander was born in East Albany, Renssalaer Co, N.Y., being one of several children who are still represented by descendants

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*Another brother of John Joseph was killed and scalped by an Indian during one of the Indian-Tory raids on Scoharie, a venerable descendant of John Joseph, Mr. Amos Van Valkenburgh of La Porte City, Iowa, told me. The Indian stole that brother's gun, and when found by still another brother, with that incriminating evidence in his hands, the brother took vengeance upon the murderer, and brought back the gun. (MMW)

bearing their names in different parts of the U.S. His father was of Scotch origin, from Edinburgh, Scotland. His name was Robert MacDowell, who came to this country at a date before the Revolution, who at the close of the 18th Century was living at Albany. Alexander served an apprenticeship as a shoemaker in Albany. Soon after the conclusion of his apprenticeship, he made his way into the adjoining County where he pursued his trade for several years. He located on the old Cherry Valley Turnpike in the town of Sharon, and it is here that he became acquainted with and subsequently married, Anna Van Valkenburgh. The issue of this union were 12 children, nine of whom came to maturity and were present at their father's funeral in 1818. Their names were Catherine, Margaret, George Washington, Joseph, Henry, Jacob, David, Alexander, James and Maria. After her husband's death Anna for ten years bravely struggled to carry these remaining nine children over the breakers of life. After they were all settled in life except James and Maria, she married Conrad Wilds, a Hollander, with whom she lived in happy union for 26 years. He died in 1854, about 8 months before Anna.

"George Washington MacDowell, my father, was born at Sharon. He being the eldest son, felt the responsibility of assisting his mother in providing for the family, renting farms and giving the results of his time and labor to his mother. At the age of twenty he married Irene Dodge, and took with him only an ax from the old home, to begin his married life with."

A version of George McDole's abduction to America has come through descendants of Thomas McDole, oldest son of George. One of these descendants, *Mr. Frederick Townroe,* has furnished the record :

"*Notes on the McDole family,* who settled at an early date in Albany, Courtland and Steuben Counties, N.Y. In various church and local records the name is recorded as McDole, McDowel, McDool, Maydole, Maidole, Madole, Dole and Dool. From existing records and family tradition it appears there were two brothers, John and George McDowell, who arrived in Albany about 1768; that John was born in 1746 and George about 1748, near Edin-

burgh, Scotland. In their teens they were apprenticed to the weaving trade. One evening they went for a walk near the docks, were shanghaied aboard a man of war and taken to Canada, where they were forced into military service. The tales vary as to whether it was a British or a French vessel that brought the brothers to America ; however at the first opportunity they sought refuge in Albany.

"John became a farmer, married Eleanor Chasley, and his children who survived were Polly, Elizabeth, William, Charles and John. His will dated Oct. 14, 1821 was probated Feb. 4, 1822. A John MacDole, Aug. 10, 1772 mar. Catherine Clarke. This may have been the first marriage of the same John.

"George McDole settled in the city of Albany, married Catherine Seger, and his children of whom we have record are:

Thomas, born Jan. 3, 1773, mar. 1st Nancy Merrill (12 children)
2nd Betsey, probably Condeman, (2 children)

Robert.....mar. Margaret (Weyle) Conrade.
Alexander, born Sept. 6, 1778 mar. Annah Van Valkenburgh
Elizabeth ,, June 24, 1779 mar. Abr. Van Ranst, Feb. 28, 1796
Jacob ,, June 22, 1781 mar. Abigail Smythe
George ,, 1783 mar. Nellie Haynes
Hugh ,, 1785 mar. Mary.....
Marie Catherine....."

A Century of Population 1790-1900 in All United States, Bureau of Census. Lists McDole Familes, (all spellings) as follows :

Heads of families 135, all other members 587. In 1790 :

N. H....	1	N.Y....	66	S.C....	20
Vt.	1	Md.	8		
Mass...	1	Va.	8		
Conn.	13	N.C....	16		

Albany Co. 1790 Census, Albany City.
John McDole head, 1, males under 16, 5, females 2.
Saratoga town, John McDole 2-5-2.
Watervliet town, George McDole 1-4-3.
In Ulster Co. Montgomery town.

Alexander McDowel 1-0-3.		Johnathan...	2-3-3
William	1-4-3.	Henry ...	1-0-4

N.Y. City Montgomery Ward. Hugh McDole 1-2-2

VAN VALKENBURGH.

The Van Valkenburgh coat of arms extends back to Mathius Van Valkenburgh, a member of the State Council (1590) of Harlem, Holland, and was granted for bravery in the Forty Years war with Spain. These arms are duly registered in the Central Bureau of Heralding Genealogy in Holland; the Queen's College of Arms, London, Eng. and in the Astor Library of the City of New York. They are described as follows: "A triple turreted castle, gules, each turret surmounted by a falcon, argent, with wings extended. Crest, falcon argent with wings extended."

"Pride in a Coat of Arms is as natural as pride in an ancestor who has made history. A family shield is not a mere expression of vanity; it stands for centuries of good blood and fine breeding. It is the badge of the thoroughbred. The grant of arms was not given in recognition of noble blood, as is sometimes supposed; but was conferred by some monarch because of special merit, achievement, heroism or patriotic valor. Hence the pride we have in our shield and crest is 'born of high record.'"

Charles Van Valkenburgh.

A controversy exists as to the parents of Annah Van Valkenburgh's father John Joseph. It was spread over many pages of local histories, by Jacob V.V., a descendant of John Joseph, to the effect that he was son of German parents among the Palatinate refugees Queen Anne assisted to the Colonies about 1700. This is contrary to the accounts handed down to us: that Annah's people were Holland Dutch, that they talked Low Dutch, and belonged to the Dutch Reform Church. This is not far-tradition, for my grandmother Catherine Maydole Matteson, herself told it to me, when I was a young girl. Two descendants of Annah's brothers, well past eighty, fine, courtly old gentlemen: Mr. Christopher Van

Valkenburgh of Canajoharie, N.Y. and Mr. Amos Van Valkenburgh of LaPorte City, Ia., whom I interviewed in 1930, were deeply incensed over the attribution of German descent to John Joseph. They not only were brought up in the Dutch Reform Church, but themselves in childhood, spoke Dutch in the families. The Holland Society of N.Y. City has accepted as members, cousins of these old gentlemen, descended from John Joseph. While no discredit inheres in descent from the Palatinate German Colony, it is contrary to explicit statements of our forbears. It remains to be demonstrated.

The claim that John Joseph was of German extraction seems to be based upon the Diary of a Daniel Slingerland, married to Margaret Van Valkenburgh, who writes: "John Jos. (Joost) Van Valkenburgh of the Revolution was a son of Joseph V. V. who was born in Lorrain, Germany 1704, died in Middleburgh, Scoharie Co., N.Y. after 1784. He was in the service during the French and Indian War and promoted to be 2nd Lieut. He was son of Arnold Van Valkenburgh, born Lorrain, Germany 1674. This Middleburgh V. V. had brothers coming to America under different names: Andrew Valk, who settled in Pa. 1709, Volenda (Valentine) Falkenburgh who came from Ulster Co., N.Y. and settled in Scoharie Co." Other sources add that Joseph who died after 1784 owned a farm near Sloansville, N.Y. as early as 1756-60.

Considerable material is to be found about the "Palatines" from whom the above are alleged to have come, in *Book of Names* (Lib. Cong.) pps. 18, 22, 39 and 51. A periodical called *Old Ulster*, Vol. 3, lists names, Volck, Falchenburg. Between 1710 and 1714 the Pastor Kocherthal baptized children of these names but not later. 26 baptisms were recorded at Scoharie in 1716, and 18 in 1717, but no Valks or Falchs. *Old Ulster* Vol. 6 p. 83 mentions among Dutch family names Van Valkenburgh, "from the hill of the hawk or falcon." *Vol. 3.* In these records are several Johannes, but no Josephs, among children of Andreas Volch, Johan Valentin Falchenburgh, and Arnold Falck. Andreas Volck after 1720 joined the colony in the Saugerties. P. 227, "The groups remained till 1714, when many went to Scoharie,--about 600. Others remained at West Camp, East Camp, Rhinebeck and Kingston."

Among the family records of the Van Valkenburgh lines, the names are repeated generation after generation. If it were true that John Joseph was descended from Arnold Volck or Falk, it would be expected that the surnames of the Palatine families would appear. But no Arnolds, no Andrews, no Valentins are to be found, nor the other names that the Book of Names, and other Palatine records give of the Volck family (under many spellings) such as Carolus, Hans, Agnes, Gerdraut, George. The exceptions are the Biblical names Johannes, Anna and Elizabeth : whereas the names of the early Dutch families of New York appear and re-appear in the lists of the descendants of John Joseph : Eva, Hannaty, Joachim, Jacob, Isaac, Janettie, Catherine, Adam, Henry, etc.

A family record of Mr. Amos Van Valkenburgh of LaPorte City, Iowa, above mentioned, is quoted : "In the Roster of N.Y., entitled *New York in the Revolution as Colony or State* (Jas. A Roberts 1897).....is found the name of Valk, John Joseph, in the Albany Co. Militia engaged in the Revolutionary war, in Col. Killian Van Rensellaer's Regiment. Most of the territory now known as Scoharie Co. was included then in Albany Co. This John Joseph we know to be our great-great-grandfather. His four sons served in Col. Peter Vroman's Regiment, Albany Co. Militia. Their names are given in the roster, spelled as follows: Valk, John ; Volcomburgh, Joacum ; Valkenburgh, Adam ; Valkenburgh, Joost (John Joseph). In no case does the Van appear in the military records.

"This Joost (Joseph) is known to be our great grandfather, and is buried on his farm in Sharon, now owned by his great grandson.....John Joseph's father John Joseph is buried at Middleburgh and his grave is unmarked and unknown."

In a deposition made by Mr. Amos Van Valkenburgh, (State of Iowa, Black Hawk Co.) made to substantiate the claim of his niece to become a member of the Daughters of the American Revolution, he gives the military record of his great-grandfather John Joseph, and deposes that said "Joost" (John Joseph) was born Jan. 10, 1744, that he married Magdalene Brown on May 27, 1765; that their male children were Adam, born June 16, 1769,

John Joseph (this affiants grandfather) b, Dec. 1, 1770, Peter, b. Jan. 15, 1775, Jacob, Aug. 24, 1780, Joachim Oct. 21, 1782, and Henry, born Nov. 11, 1784. That this genealogy is copied from a Dutch Bible, printed in Berlin, Germany in the year 1715; and that the name of the publisher was Daniel Ernst Jablou.....I do further depose that I have personal knowledge of the history of the Van Valkenburgh families that are the subject of this affadavit, in this manner: That I have often heard it talked in my father's family, about his grandfather having been a soldier in the Revolution ; that I have often visited the grave of the old soldier, the said "Joost" Van Valkenburgh, who is buried in Sharon (where this affiant was born Aug. 3, 1848) about ½ mile North of the Western turnpike, in a field on the farm, that he first settled upon, and which his great-grandson John Van Valkenburgh now owns. That my own father, John Van Valkenburgh, could remember his grandfather, the said Joost, for my father was born Aug. 26, 1804, and the soldier Joost did not die until March 28, 1815. And I, myself, can remember my grandfather, son of Joost, who did not die until July 23, 1855. Therefore, this affiant claims to have personal and direct knowledge of the subject matter of this affadavit....."

The History of Scoharie Co. and Border Wars, of New York, (Simms, pub. Albany, 1845) p. 164 the French War, "Jacob Folluck was the only person killed by the Indians.....The enemy were secreted by an oat-field, intending to capture several persons expected there to cut oats. Mr. Folluch with his dog and gun had gone from his house, hunting. Passing the Indians, his dog began to bark; when the former, fearing discovery, shot the dog and his master, whom they scalped and then precipitately left Scoharie." P. 285, the author mentions among the daring spirits who encountered many dangers in the discharge of their duty, Yoakam Folluch (Joakam Van Valkenburgh)."

This book, shown to me by Mr. Amos Van Valkenburgh, has other references to Joachim Folluck as a soldier. It describes the forts of Middleburgh, the Scoharie Valley, and of *Vrooman's Land.* He commented, "Vrooman's land was the Dutch settlement, and I presume my Van Valkenburgh ancestors were of that settlement."

The problem in the Van Valkenburgh ancestry is to establish by Baptismal records, or by will or deed, the parents of John Joseph, called Joost, sometimes Hanyost, (the Dutch for John Joseph) John and Joseph in various records. Two large note-books of records of the Van Valkenburgh family have been filled from the various libraries, principally those in Washington, D. C. where are preserved translated records of the Dutch and other churches of Albany, Scoharie and adjacent counties. Among these I have not found a baptismal record for John Joseph that corresponds with the one from family Bibles: Jan. 10, 1744. It must be remembered however, that christenings took place at times when travelling pastors could visit the scattered churches. Seldom do these records give more than the date of baptism. The nearest baptism in point of time which has come to my notice, is among the children of Joachim V. V. and Cornelia Van Deusen, *Johannes* baptized at Coxsackie, June 3, 1744. (*Van Deusen Family* by Albert A. Van Deusen) Vol. I, 54. This book reports many marriages between the V. V. and Van Deusen families. A record in the baptisms of *St. Paul's Evangelical Lutheran Church of Scoharie,* is of *Johan Jost,* Jan. 20, 1745, child of Joachim Falchenburgh and Susanna Magdalena Falchenburgh.

Records of the earliest Van Valkenburgh settlers in New Amsterdam, Albany and Kinderhook are given in many books. *Pearson's Early Settlers of Albany* I, 134, "*Lambert* Van Valkenburgh and *Annatie*....., Children Jochem, bp. in New Amsterdam, Nov. 4, 1646, Lambert bp. in New Amsterdam, July 21, 1652. *Jochem Lambertse* of Kinderhook, married Eve Hendrickse Vrooman, children Johannes, Hendrick, Abraham, Bartholomeus, Lambert, Isaac, Jacobus, Jochem, Engeltie."

Of *Lambert* I have found no records further.

Washington's ancestry III 393-399 (Hopper) adds to the above sons, the record of a daughter of Lambert Jochemse, *Rachel Lambertse,* bp. before 1660, who married Jan Ratteclif. It gives this description of the first Lambert:

"*Lambert Jochemse Van Valkenburgh,* born Valkenburgh, Dutch Limborg on Gente River, east of Maestvet, Holland. First

appearance in Manhattan July 29, 1644, when he purchased a plantation (25 Morgens) and house west side of the Bowery between Canal and Broome, and on May 15, 1649 a second farm two miles northward. At Fort Orange, March 7, 1652, officer of the local court ; Rattle Watch, July 6, 1659. Often in court records as plaintiff or defendant. May 1562 resided in Albany on the Pleyn. Last notices Aug. 6, 1683. Widow Annatie died Sept. 17, 1704."

Descendants of Lambert are found in many church records of Albany Co. and all contiguous counties. Because of the nearness and accessibility of Scoharie to Schenectady, the records of Isaac, born 1686, son of Jochem of Albany, son of Lambert, are given : "Lived at Albany in 1717 according to Pearson. Married Lydia Van Slyck, children born in Albany, Jacob, Oct. 28, 1705, Isaac 1711/12, Joachim Lambert, 1710 ; Margarita 1713, Harmon 1715. He removed to Schenectady and bought land Sept. 6, 1712. Children bap. Jacobus 1705, Eva 1708, Isaac 1711/12, Gertry 1720, Lydia 1725. (Pearson's Settlers of Schenectady) Isaac, son of Isaac mar. Jannetje Clement 1744."

In Vosburgh's *Scoharie Dutch Church Records,* (Part 2, p. 328) "When the pastor came to Scoharie he found among the members : Isaac Van Aalsten and Janetie Valkenburgh his wife. (p. 329) Eva Falchenburgh was received on confession of faith. (p. 332) Received as members: July 19, 1746 Isaac Valkenburgh, Isaac Jr., Harme, Gertruy, Jantje V. V. (Larrowa), Jannetje Valkenburgh." (p. 340) Received as member, 1769 *Joost Valkenburgh.* In 1768 is recorded baptism of Eva, dau. John Joost Fulbenburgh and Magdalena, his wife. Among marriage records (Vol. 1, pt. 1, 289) Jan. 14, 1749 Joachim Lammertse Van Valkenburgh, son of Isaac Valkenburgh, born at Schenectady and Maria Berri, dau. Josua, born in Mohawk Land.

Changes in the names of settlements and churches in Scoharie Co. before and after the Revolution, make research difficult. John M. Brown, (1823) in *A Brief Sketch of the First Settlement of Scoharie,* p. 11, gives some light. "In 1752 Scoharie contained about 104 houses, about 875 souls, 125 families. The great number were

German, about one-third were Low Dutch from Schenectady and Norman's Kill. Most of the Germans went to Pennsylvania for asylum under William Penn.....Sharon, formerly New Dorlach, is north of Cobleskill. East of Sharon is Carlisle, first called New Rhinebeck."

Lawyersville Reform Church Records (Vosburgh's translations, Lib. Cong.) p. 132 "April 1801. Copy of Agreement between members of the Dutch Reform and Lutheran Church at New Rhinebeck in town of Sharon, giving ½ use of the Church by Lutherans, of small numbers, and Dutch Reform, to be occupied by both members of the Lutheran and of the Reform Churches.

Signed for the members of the Dutch Reform Church by	Signed for the members of the Lutheran Church by
John M. Brown	.....Loucks
Wm. Coenrad	.....Ottman
Joseph Van Valkenburgh	.....Srobeck
et al.	*et al.*

"Deacons: July 21, 1800, *Joseph Van Valkenburgh,* chosen Deacon by unanimous consent.

"Dec. 1803, Deacons, Wm. Brown, *Joseph Van Valkenbvrgh,* John Redington."

Vol. 35, (D.A.R. Lib.) *Cemetery and Town Records,* p. 139, "Records of the Reformed Church of *Lawyersville,* formerly Reformed Church of *New Rhinebeck.*"

Vosburgh refers to "New Rhinebeck near Dorlach, now Sharon."
"Reform Church of Lawyersville in town of Cobleskill, Scoharie Co., N.Y.....Rev. Labach did many baptisms at Waterlo, also Cincinnatus, Oct. 8-16, 1824 and Sept. 21, 1825....March 9, 1825 the church had.....to supply pulpit of Mr. Labach while he is absent to form a church at Cincinnatus, Cortland, Co." (Cincinnatu was the home of Alexander and Annah McDole when they removed from Scoharie Co.)

Lawyersville settlement was also called The Patent. The N. Rhinebeck Reformed Dutch Church was incorporated 1797. The services were sometimes in Dutch, sometimes in German and in 1800 in English, in the town of Sharon.

The New York State Census of 1790 for *Kinderhook* gives the following Van Valkenburgh names: Abraham, 11 white persons, Peter 7, Barth 4, Lambert 11, Andreas 9, Henry 6, Jacobus 7, Lambert 1, Peter P. 6, Hendrick 8, Thomas 10, John 8, William 4, Barth L. 7, John Jost 9, John R. 5, Lambert T, 9, John 4, Barth 10, Jacob 3, Isaac 9, Claudius 10, Jochem T. 6, Isaac P. 10, Jacobus 8, Solomon 6, Lambert 7. In *Watervliet Albany Co.* are given Solomon and Joachim 7; in *Scoharie,* Herman 7 and Joseph 12; in *Catskill* James 6, Lambert 6 and Isaac 7, Cornelius 10. In *Hurleytown,* Ulster Co. Abraham and Johannes; in *Granville,* Levi. For Albany I have not the record.

N.Y. *Archives of the Revolution* (D.A.R. Lib.) give under different companies the following Van Valkenburgh names: Jacob V. V. 2nd Lieut., Ensign Johannes J. V.V. *General Index N.Y. in the Revolution*: Valk, Abraham; Valk Isaac; Valk, John J; Matthew; Valkenburgh, Dirck, Jacob, Jacob N. Jacobus, John; Van Valkenburgh, Lamber, Matthew, Abraham, Jochim, Matthew, Nicolas, Peter, Christian, Joghem; Valck, John; Valconburgh, Joacum, Adam and Joost; Van Valkenburgh, Harmanus; Militia of Ulster Co.: Valck, Johannes; Valk, Wilhelmus; Valkenburgh, Abraham; Valkenborough, John. Doubtless some names are repeated as re-enlistments.

A Century of Population 1790-1900 in all U.S. Bureau of Census, lists Van Valkenburghs of all spelling. 1790, Heads of families 66. All others 386. N.Y. Family 64, Mass 2.

1790 Census Columbia Co. Kinderhook heads, males under 16, females.

Lambert...	... 2-2-5	Jacob...	... 1-4-2	Isaac P....	... 3-2-3
John ...	... 1-1-2	Isaac...	... 1-4-4	John R...	... 1-1-3
Bartholomew .	2-2-7	Claudius	... 2-4-4		
		Jochem	... 2-2-2		

Albany Co. *Catskill town*: Lambert ... 2-0-4 Isaac 1-1-5

Coxsackie town James... 1-3-3

Watervliet town Joachim ... ... 1-1-5 Cornelius ... 2-2-6

Scoharie town: Jost ... ... 3-3-6 Herman ... 2-1-4

Ulster Co. *Hurley town* Johannes 1-7-1 Abraham ... 1-1-3

In Granville, Levi.

Places to which Catherine McDole Matteson referred familiarly in conversation are Kinderhook, Renssalaerville, Scoharie, Sharon, Canajoharie and Cherry Valley.

Some of the places where Van Valkenburgh records are to be found are in Albany Co.: Albany, Watervliet, Renssalaerville, Westerlo; in Rensallaer Co,: Schodack; in Greene Co.: Catskill and Coxsackie; in Columbia Co.: Kinderhook; in Schenectady Co., Schenectady; in Scoharie Co.: Sloansburgh, Middleburgh, Vromans, Scoharie, Cobleskill, Lawyersville, Sharon; in Montgomery Co: Canajoharie, across the Mohawk from Palatine Bridge.

In Hamilton Co. North of Montgomery and Fulton Counties is a *Mt. Matteson.*

SEGER, (ZEGER, VAN VOORHOUT, EGMONT.)

Munsells Collections History of Albany, IV p. 164. "*Segers* is the surname of a family in Albany, which in earlier times was called Van Voorhout. Cornelis Segerse Van Voorhoudt, the first settler to Beverwyck, 1642. His wife was Bredje Jacobson. She died Apr. 1667. In 1663 they made a joint will.....and mentioned the following children, all living save Claas: Cornelis, Claas, Seger, Jennetje (wife of Jacob Janse Schermerhorn), Neeltjie (mar. Hans Carelse), Noorman, Lysbeth (mar. Francis Boon)."

This record proceeds to give the family of Seegers Seger Cornelis, then Class Cornelisse, then this: (but lacking the connecting link to above named) "Segers Johannes, Mar. Breechie Wielaars June 19, 1719. In 1730 he bought a lot on the E. side of S. Pearl St. 105 ft. from Hudson St. Children : bp. Evert, Hilletie Jan. 20, 1723, Hendrick Apr. 25, 1724. *Thomas* 1726, died Mch. 25, 1809 ae 84, Roeloff, Aug. 13, 1727, Johannes Nov. 9, 1729, Albertus Oct. 21, 1733, Hilletie Jan. 8, 1735, Jacob Oct. 31, 1736, Josyntie July 31, 1730."

Follows the records of Segers, Staats ; Segers, Evert, then: "Segers, *Thomas,* son Johannes and Brechie Wielaars, mar. 1st Josina Wheeler, 2nd Judith Hoogland about 1758, Josina buried, Sept. 13, 1753. He died Mch. 25, 1809 ae 84. Ch. Johannes, bp. June 26, 1748, Begie, bp. Oct. 15, 1758, Adriaanus Hogeland b. July 27, 1762, Hadrian Hoogland, b. Feb. 29, 1764." Families follow of Thomas' brothers Johannes, Roeloff, Hendrik.

The record of Thomas' daughter Catherine is in the Kingston, N.Y. Old Dutch Church, "bp. Jan. 7, 1950, dau. of Thos. Seger, (City Marshal of Albany) and Josina Wheeler Seger."

Munsell's *Annals of Albany,* Vol. I, p. 22 Settlers of Renssalaerswyck.

"*Cornelis Segers Van Voorhoudt,* farm on Castle Island called Weelysburg of Castle Island. Mar. Bredgie Jacobson. Ch. Cornelis, Claes, Seger, Jannetje, Neltjie, Lysbeth, (Mar. Francis Boon or Broon, disinherited)"

History of New Netherlands, O'Callaghan I 433. :

"Cornelis Segerse Van Voorhoudt came to Beverwyck 1642. Many of the family now pass by the name of Seger in Albany Co."

In *Early Records Notarial Papers*, p. 259-61. (University of N.Y. State Lib. Hist.) occurs the will of Cornelis Segersen Van Voorhoudt and his wife Brechie, Jacob' daughter Nov. 1663.....signed Cornelis Zeegerson Van Voorhoudt." p. 206, "Paper involving the *Segers Van Voorhoudt* is signed by father and son : Cornelys Zeegers Zegersze Voorhout, mark made by Cornelis Cornelizz Van Voorhout, mark made by Brechie Jacobsz wife of Cornelis Segersz aforenamed." p. 165. "Agreement between relatives of the late Seger Cornelissen Van Voorhout, engagement not to sue Constopel for the slaying of Seger Cornelissen." (Footnote to above) "Though Cornelis Segersen as well as his children born in Holland, are referred to in records and also sign themselves as 'Van Voorhout,' Cornelis Segersen is designated as 'Van Egmont' in his contract with the patroon Aug. 25, 1643 in the *Van Renssalaer Boiner Mss.* p. 673, and the same name appears in the bp. of 3rd and 4th generations in the records of the Reformed Dutch Church of N.Y. City and Albany. In view of this, Mr. Richard Schermerhorn, Jr. in his *Schermerhorn Genealogy and Fam. Chronicles* p. 37, expresses the opinion that although Cornelis Segersen undoubtedly came direct from Voorhout to this country, he belonged to the original Egmont family of Holland, from which the town of Egmont takes its name....Leaving aside the question as to whether the place took its name from the family or, as is generally held, the family took its name from the place, it may, in the absence of any direct proof to the effect that Cornelis Segersen belonged to the famous Egmont family, of which the ill-fated Count Lamoral Van Egmont, beheaded at Brussels 1568, was the last conspicuous member,—be remarked (1) that the name Van Egmont, or Egmond, was borne in other families than the lords of Egmond, (2) that in the 17th C. there was a noble family by the name of 'Van Voorhout' of which Simon van Leuwen in his *Batavia Illustrata* p. 1138, relates that the well known member Willem Van Voorhout, knight, together with Allert, lord of Egmont, and other knights, was slain by the Frisians at Schorel in 1168 and buried in the Abbey of Egmont ; (3) that

according to the Bernard J. N. deBout De "Regalle" Abdy Van Egmont (P. 12) the abbey of Egmond among other revenues, received the tithes of the Church at Voorhout; so that it is possible that Cornelis Segersen was born at or near Voorhout, on land that formerly (the Abbey was destroyed 1573) belonged to the jurisdiction of the abbey of Egmond, and that he described himself indiscriminately as 'Van Voorhout' or 'Egmont.' Names derived from wealthy abbeys seem to have been not uncommon." (See also Gen. notes by Rich. Schermerhorn Jr. Vol. 46 343-46 N.Y. Gen. and Biog. Rec.) This enlarges upon the above that the name Egmont as a family name was used by descendants of Cornelis Segers in Albany Dutch Ch. Rec. N.Y. City and Staten Is. Rec. "It was finally possible to determine positively that the Egmont family in N.Y. City and Staten Island, were also descendants of the early settler who signed himself Cornelis Segerse Van Voorhout. Evidence was found in copy of contract between Cornelis Segerse and Patroon V. Renssalaer in Holland, previous to the former's departure for America. In this document, Cornelis Segerse signed his name as *Cornelis Segerse van Egmont*"

P. 340. "Before 1700 the heads of most Dutch families took as surnames, their father's Christian name with *se* or *sen* attached, and in other cases, terminations indicative of the former residences in Holland, as Van Hoorn, Van Valkenburgh....Some of the families however possessed distinctive family names in Holland, and when they neglected to use them, when necessity arose, they reached back and took the name borne by their kin before them...often the name did not put in an appearance until the 3rd generation in this country. This was the case with the Egmonts. Voorhout had probably been their residence immediately before their departure to America, and sometimes Cornelis Segers and his sons signed Van Voorhout after their names. Van Voorhout was not handed down as a family name and Egmont was. Voorhout is a small place near Leyden, 20 m. S. W. of Amsterdam. Egmont, which consists of little else than the ancestral castle of the family, is about 10 m. W. of the village of Schermerhorn and 20 m. N.W. of Amsterdam. Sons of Cornelis did not use the name Egmont, but their sons did."

P. 346. "The widow of Count Lamoral (after execution by the Duke of Alva's sentence, known to be unjust and political, aroused such general indignation as to be prelude to the revolt of the Netherlands) and 11 children were reduced to extreme want and compelled to take refuge in a convent. Probably influential connections provided for them, as the sons enjoyed later, positions of some distinction; but two, Philip and Lamoral, became embroiled in political troubles, and falling into disgrace, brought fresh disaster to the family. It seems there was cause for an Egmont in those days to desire to seek new lands and endeavor to forget." (Note to above). "He may have discarded the Egmont name upon his arrival, but its recurrence in later generations would seem to convey to it an importance, which could hardly to derived from the condition of a mere residence in a place. If the last were considered, the Van Voorhout would have been continued as the family name."

This account is given at length, as an illustration of the vistas of history which personal lineages open to the historically minded person.

AFTER WORD.

As may have been suspected, this book is dedicated to the younger generations of descendants of Mary Hulburt and Horace Matteson.

When it was nearly completed, some sources of hitherto unrevealed material appeared. During the compilation of the material the fact confronted me that my great-grandparents were nearly unknown to me, as personalities, with the exception of George McDole and Anna Van Valkenburgh, who, by the grace of certain documents, had been revealed as real people. Even those remote Windsor and Plymouth-Duxbury forbears were rendered more alive than the great-grand-parents, due to the painstaking labors of Stiles, Hinman and others.

Three more of Aunt Julia's blessed fragments give glimpses back into that curtained past. One is the draft of a genealogy of the Hulburd Family; its purpose not indicated. It adds little information up to the 7th generation, then it gives the marriages of three of Halsey Hulburt's aunts not in my record: Sibyl Hulburd married Ammi Wells, Dec. 12, 1796; Mary married Simeon Sears of Sandersfield, Nov. 1797; and Tryphena married Philo Beers of Trumble, Mch. 20, 1832.

"Obadiah married Rachel Burr, the daughter of Daniel Burr, a descendant of Benjamin Burr, one of the original settlers of Hartford in 1635. Her mother was Betty Brown Burr, a lineal descendant of Peter Brown, who came to this country in the Mayflower, and landed at Plymouth Rock, Mass. in 1620."

Of their son Halsey Hulburt, she writes "His mother died when he was seven years old and his father the following year. He remained on the home place with his grandmother and two maiden aunts, yet was in a measure thrown on his own resources. He acquired a good common school education, supplemented with academical advantages; he began teaching school and followed that vocation eight winters. In the spring of 1830 he, with a friend, Calvin Chapin, came to Westfield, where they bought land and

spent the summer 'cleaning' seventeen acres. In the fall he returned to Conn. where he passed the winter in teaching. March 24th he united in marriage with Miss Betsey Moses.....Soon after, they came to Westfield and lived in a log cabin until, in 1835, they were enabled to build the home in which they continued to live until they passed from earth. Mr. Hulburt was from the first a prominent man in the community; he held various township offices, and in 1856 was elected to the responsible position of Director of the Ohio Farmer's Insurance Company, and for ten years served in that capacity with fidelity and honor. He was a lover of his country and her liberal institutions; he gave his testimony and practical life against any favoritism through fraternal combinations.....He was always identified with movements to advance the interests of humanity. His intellectual attainments were of a high order; his memory and powers of recollection were remarkable; few persons were so conversant with history, or noted more closely the trend of current events. He was social, a great talker and fond of argument. He attended regularly the Presbyterian Church, and always conducted family worship, yet never united with any branch of the church. He favored the views of the Baptist denomination."

The second fragment seems to be in answer to questions, from her cousin Theron Crissey, regarding the family of Joshua Moses and Abigail Terry of Simsbury and Norfolk. It adds one item to my records: that Ruth Moses, Betsey's younger sister, married a Sturdivant and came to Morgan, Ashtabula Co., Ohio.

"What year Joshua and Abigail settled in Norfolk I do not know; but about or before the birth of grandfather (Thomas Moses). I have heard mother say her grandmother used to tell her of carrying her little Thomas about in her apron. Mother does not seem to be able to recall anything very definite about the time the "Red House" was built. I reminded her of an incident she used to relate when we were quite small. I think she used to say she was ten years old. One day at dinner time the pitcher was missing. The workmen had appropriated it and left it on the garret floor. So she went after it. There was a ladder on the South side of the house and she climbed up into the garret to get

it. The floor was but partly laid, and she looked down into the cellar from that height, and was frightened. Her head swam; but she managed to get down the ladder safely, and with the pitcher."

The following paragraph refers to the famous "Painted parlor" in Thomas Moses' home:

"Mother does not remember how much grandfather paid for having the parlor wall painted, but thinks not half $40.00.

"Uncle Johnathan lived in the Strong house; uncle Jonah about as far South of Grandpa's, and Uncle Joshua over the hill; but not since Mother's remembrance, as he died in a house East of Uncle Edmond's, when she was about fourteen years old. Mr. Strong owned land in Ashtabula County, Ohio, but did not care to live on it, so traded it with Uncle Johnathan, who moved out there to it when Mother was nine years of age, in 1814. They went in an old fashioned covered wagon drawn by an ox-team. One of the oxen gave out, and they were obliged to get another one. They had four children then, Alonzo, born 1805, Charles, Harlow, and Rachel.

"When Father and Mother went East on a visit in 1838, soon after Ruth's marriage but before she moved, Grandpa felt as if he was left alone in a great house. He said he built it for his girls, 'and now they are all gone.'

"Which reminds me that Father used often to ask us to sing a little song which commences:

> 'They are all gone from the mountain home,
> 'There the wild bees hum and the bright birds roam' "

A third fragment is from a letter concerning a visit Grandfather made to his early home and friends. He made such a visit about 1880 and took Claude, who was then about twenty. They had a fine time and were both enthusiastic over the visit.

"Father started for a visit to his native place—a trip long contemplated, which I think he sometimes shrank from. With the great desire to see his old haunts, he dreaded to meet the changes there. He said, 'I can take my staff and walk all over

town, and probably not be recognized'. He started Monday eve, spent Tuesday in Callicoon and reached New York Wednesday, called on the friends there, and Friday morning wrote that he expected to leave in an hour for Enfield. There I suppose he is making the most of his time, living over old memories with such as are left of his old acquaintances, being, as he terms it 'whissacked through' ",

So these brief references out of a past that was obscure as with fog, flash a light on that past, illuminating people, who have been to us but names,—people who loved, strove, achieved, suffered loneliness and defeat of hopes, — and make them live for us, And that is the purpose of this book, to illuminate that dim past for our younger generations, and as far as our information permits, to learn to know those good men and women to whom we owe more than can be imagined.

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